The SPHERE

Vol. CXXVI. No. 1641 JULY 4, 1931. THE EMPIRE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

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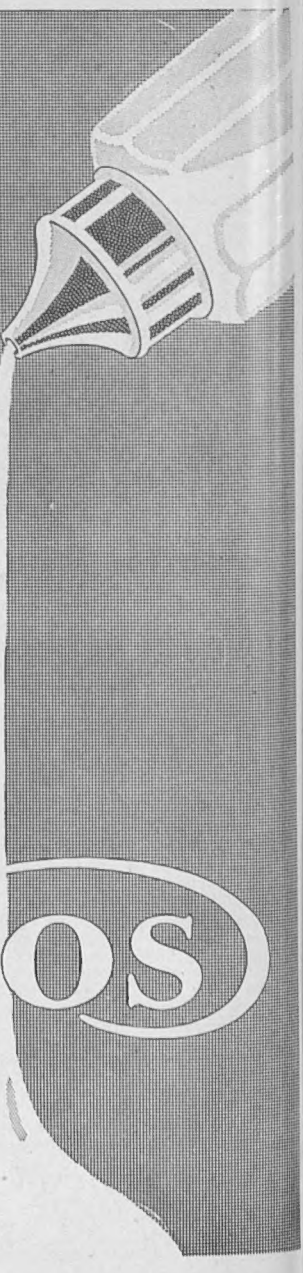

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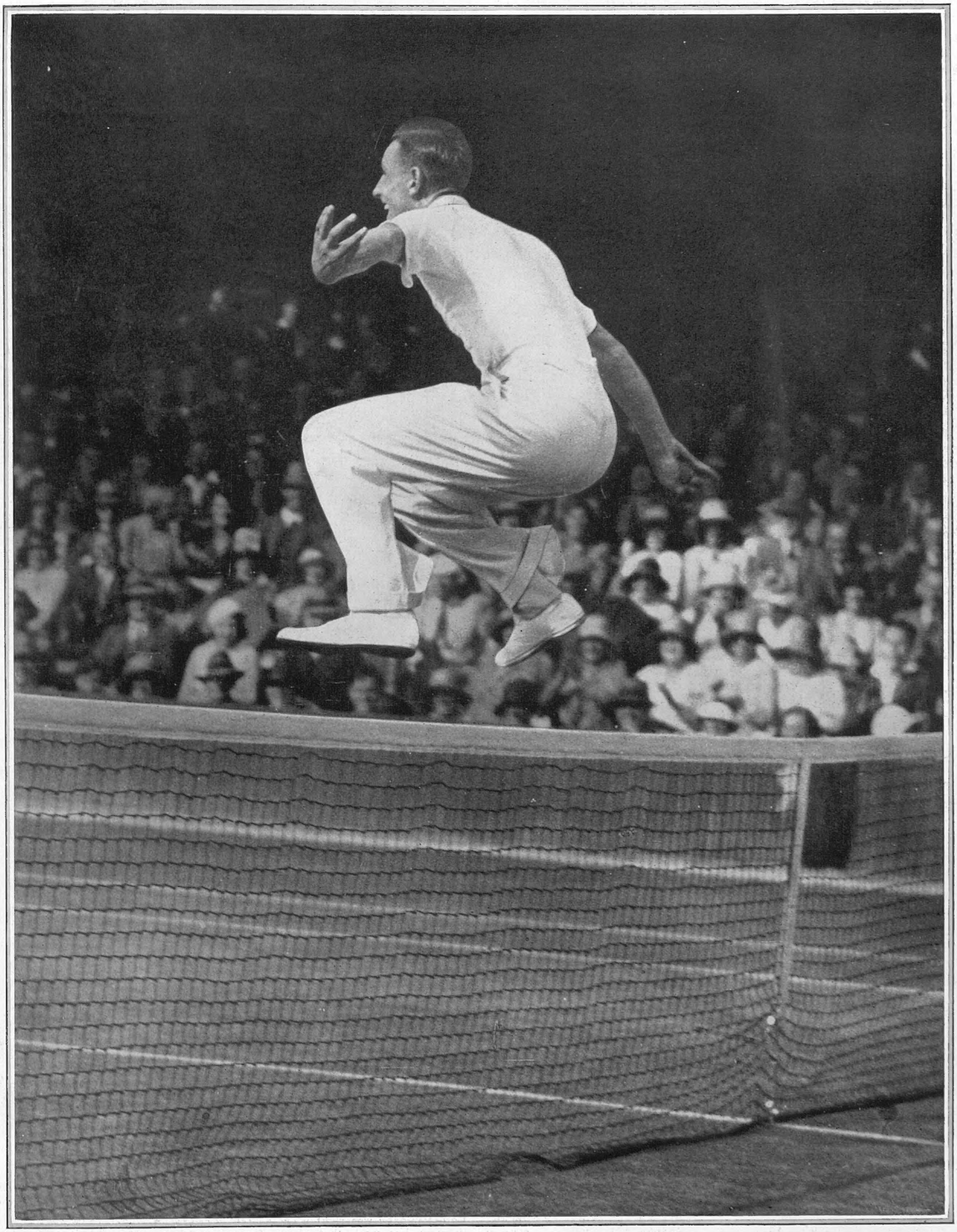


ECSTASY at WIMBLEDON

F. J. Perry Leaps with One Rapturous Bound into the Semi-Final of the Singles Championship

An Englishman for the first time for many years is in the last four at Wimbledon. When Hughes fell to Wood and Austin (despite a match point on his own service) capitulated to Shields—for we had three representatives in the Last Eight—upon the burly fighting shoulders of F. J. Perry rested the task of stemming the U.S. invasion. This he did by beating Van Ryn after a dour struggle, in which England's hope brooked no nonsense from spectators with parasols and mirrors. As we go to press we have hopes of an Englishman in the Final for the first time since 1922.

a–b

A LONDON NEWSLETTER

346, STRAND, W.C.,
Wednesday, July 1, 1931.

Politicians and Peoples. — The Hoover pronouncement is nearly a fortnight old, but the effect which it instantly produced all over the civilized world is still felt, still being discussed, and just beginning to be accorded the importance it deserves. Why was that effect so magical? There is not the least doubt that the peoples of civilization took it as the first sign of returning sanity among rulers. Governments nowadays lag behind the peoples whose destiny they control alike in ideas and deductions. Long since the people tumbled to the truth that the nations of the world to-day, willy-nilly, are inexorably linked together, must stand together and must fall if they lack mutual support. Just so the peoples have come to know that the truth is best told, however unpleasant, and that facts if they must be faced, are better faced at once. The peoples cry out for rulers who will tardily reach the same opinion and will bravely speak out these blunt truths. The world is sick of promises of private Utopias; it is sick of sugar-coating and prepared to swallow the bitter pill. But the politicians lag behind. Obsessed by the game of politics, they still seek to outbid in promises, to recommend themselves by the art of window-dressing. When Mr. Hoover decided to tell the world and America a truth which the man in the street had long since dug out for himself, he gave the first hint that sanity might one day return to the high places.

Birth of an Idea.—No country, however large its stake in Germany, can secure this vital step in international sanity without heavy and even dangerous additions to already crippling burdens. Our own addition of £11,000,000 to our unwieldy deficit is perhaps as severe a price as any country is asked to pay. Yet mercifully the leaders of all our parties approved the step without hesitation or conditions. It was a decision as grave as it was necessary. On that account the hesitation of France is comprehensible. It is not so much a precedent as a habit of mind which is being created. To my mind the most hopeful feature is that the idea should have first been clothed in words by an American. Too long, far too long, America has thought politically in terms of America and not of civilization. Henceforth I believe there will be few American public men who will not seek to find their niche in history by some such expression of a wider point of view. They have all observed the miracle which Mr. Hoover's pronouncement has effected with Mr. Hoover's reputation.

Principles and Personalities. — It would be an illuminating proof of the narrow outlook of parties in this country if the downfall of the Government is ultimately brought about, not over the rocks of Liberal principles, but through rancour at Mr. Snowden's contemptuous castigation of the allies who keep him in power. If that should come to pass, will the nation have the heart to go to the polls again to secure the continuance of this expensive farce that should have been scrapped years ago?

The Heights and Depths.—I cannot think of Mr. Lloyd George's career without thanking God for His mercy in adding me to the great company of mediocrities in private life. I think of the dazzling fame and the intoxicating power of this electric man at the end of 1918 and at the beginning of 1919. And I remember vividly the wholehearted tributes to his fire and magnetism and magic quickness made by scores of his political opponents. He had risen to those dizzy heights from nothing by courage and determination and natural fire. He had been well hated, had not shrunk from methods of abuse in questionable taste to achieve the power which only accrues to the master democrat, and he reached his objective and could have lived in history in the niche reserved for half-a-dozen men only among British patriots and statesmen of all ages. But the lust for power and publicity was too much for him. He had not the golden judgment of Cincinnatus, nor the simple character of Wellington. At whatever cost to his dignity, he must remain on the stage, as super, as spielman, in any guise, so long as he might still enjoy the naked glare of the footlights. And so he has come full circle. As one by one the old Liberals drop disillusioned and ashamed from the ranks of that once splendid party, the majority opinion of the nation believes, rightly or wrongly, that Mr. George, the unknown country solicitor, was a bigger man and a greater power for good than the ex-dictator of Europe to-day.

The Prince in Middle Age.—Looking at the Prince of Wales, it is difficult to accept the inexorable passage of years. Yet, last week, he kept his thirty-seventh birthday, and twice thirty-seven works out at seventy-four. And though men be so strong nowadays that they still actively participate in public life at eighty-five and ninety (like Lord Halifax and Lord Methuen and Lord Darling), yet thirty-seven is still in naked truth middle-age. Perpetually in the lime-light since his undergraduate days, the Prince's career has followed more on the lines of his grandfather's than on his father's. But unlike King Edward, he has maintained a level or consistently rising chart in public esteem. King Edward was a democratic Prince before his time; the Prince of Wales is the finished model of the democratic Prince of a new age. Yet neither he nor his grandfather ever sacrificed one tittle of royal dignity by embracing the principles of democracy. A point which will not escape the eye of the historian in the future is the happy co-operation by antithesis of the King and his heir. Between them, King George and the Prince have raised the British Sovereignty to its highest level of respect and devotion throughout the Empire in all its history, and that in times of political unrest when thrones were never so insecure. Their methods are as distinct as the poles; the results they have achieved have been brought about by the co-operation of widely different craftsmen working to the same end. One man could never be what the King and his son are; nor alone stand for what they typify. Nor could either alone have achieved one half of what they, working individually but patriotically united, have achieved. And the years pass. Yesterday the Prince was a boy. To-day he is a middle-aged man with an unrivalled experience of men and cities and the work of men's brains and hands.

"Plus je vois les hommes . . ."—Lord Ponsonby was right when he told listeners last week that many of our acclaimed virtues are vices in disguise. Those who attended the R.S.P.C.A. knock-about turn at the Hotel Victoria on the same day must have felt the truth of it. Most of our great organizations in the cause of humanity and social reform are hindered by the cranks, egotists, and unrestrained sentimentalists who flock to such spheres of activity as the wasp to the honey-pot. Some of our sanest and most efficient citizens have embraced the cause of suffering animals, and in the face of ridicule and apathy, and in spite of their own allies, have achieved immense success. So short a time ago England was, in its treatment of animals, still groping in the darkness of barbarism. And because of the nobility of the cause and the success which has attended it, it was saddening to observe the Society imitating (and out-doing) the absurdities of a troupe of performing monkeys whose battles they claim to fight. The monkeys would have turned disgusted and ashamed from so crude and amateur a performance, which was neither comedy, nor farce, nor opera bouffe, nor clowning, but a display of ill-breeding and bad temper and deplorable egotism. Too often humanity is but a cloak to cover the vices of egotism and vanity. There is an inherent dignity among monkeys and dogs, which many members of the R.S.P.C.A. would do well to study and imitate.

Good News.—Year after year, in good times and bad (and these are as bad as they can be), the old thrill recurs during our native carnival of sport, which reaches its zenith in the last days of June and the beginning of July. The golf championships are the cocktails, the great popular racing fixtures the sherry, and the champagne is brought in by the culmination of Wimbledon, Test fever, Henley, and finally Lord's week. It is extraordinary what supreme importance we manage to attach to ephemeral things. By the middle of July it ceases to matter, even if we remember whether Sharpe beat Cochet in the first round or Mlle Payot beat Mrs. Whittingstall in the fourth. I could understand it mattering intensely if one had watched every stroke of play to the final set. What is so inexplicable is that it matters to me and to thousands for the whole of one day or more, even if we are miles from the centre court. Yet even the names of the winners fade from memory in a fortnight. No matter. We are masters of the craft of staging and working up interest in sporting fixtures. One cannot be everywhere. One cannot give the intense personal attention which the occasions demand to the stand by Ames and Allen at St. John's Wood, and the fireworks of Shields at Southfields. But there are the tape and the final editions, and that superbly cultured voice of the Announcer. How can we ever cry that enough is as good as a feast—of one thing at least, good news?

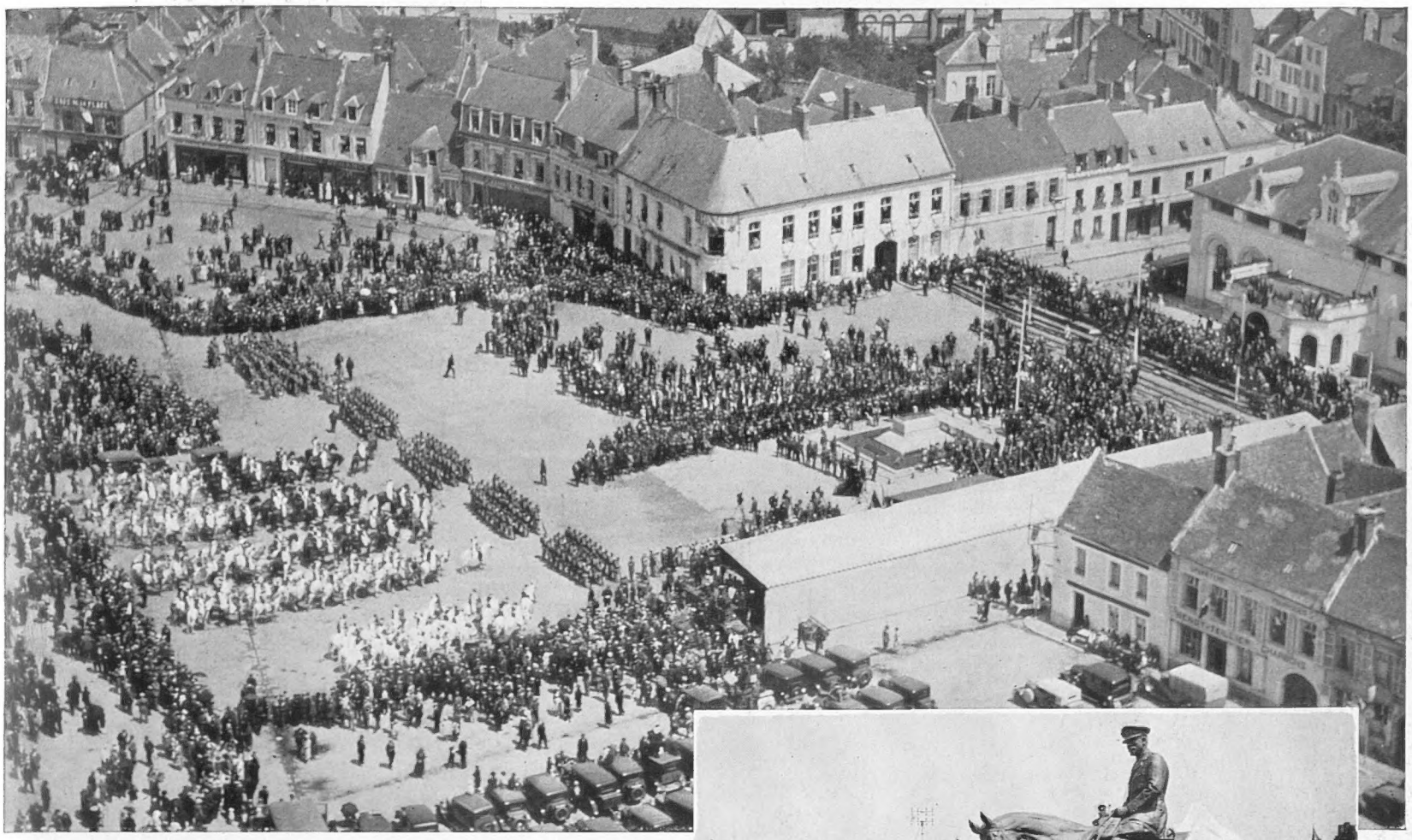
THE OLD STAGER.

THE CROWNING OF THE COTTON QUEEN OF LANCASHIRE: Miss Lois Heath receives the emblem of her sovereignty from the hands of Miss Frances Lockett, the retiring queen. The ceremony was performed in the Tower Circus at Blackpool. The new Cotton Queen, who is only seventeen years of age, hails from Leigh

THE BRAW LADS GATHERING AT GALASHIELS: The Braw Lad (Mr. W. Riddell Dalgleish) and the Braw Lass (Miss Mary Thomson) arrive at the Raidstone. This is only the second occasion on which the gala has been celebrated. It commemorates a raid near the banks of the Tweed in 1337; the handing over of sod and stone to Margaret Tudor 1503; and the foundation of the burgh in 1599. Among the ceremonies was the crossing of the Tweed by 200 horsemen and women, despite the fact that the water was 4 ft. deep and was running at 10 m.p.h. After an act of homage at the war memorial, the rest of the day was devoted to sports

FRANCE HONOURS BRITAIN'S LEADER

Scenes at Montreuil-sur-Mer where the Haig Statue, Subscribed for Entirely by the French Nation, was Unveiled Last Week-end



SEEN FROM THE AIR: A view of the ceremony of unveiling the statue of Earl Haig at Montreuil-sur-Mer, the British G.H.Q. during the latter part of the war. A number of great notabilities were present

THE STATUE BY MAÎTRE LANDOWSKI: The Guards lined up at the moment of unveiling. Earl Jellicoe represented the Prince of Wales and Lord Wemyss the Admiralty. Lord Tyrrell, our Ambassador, was also present

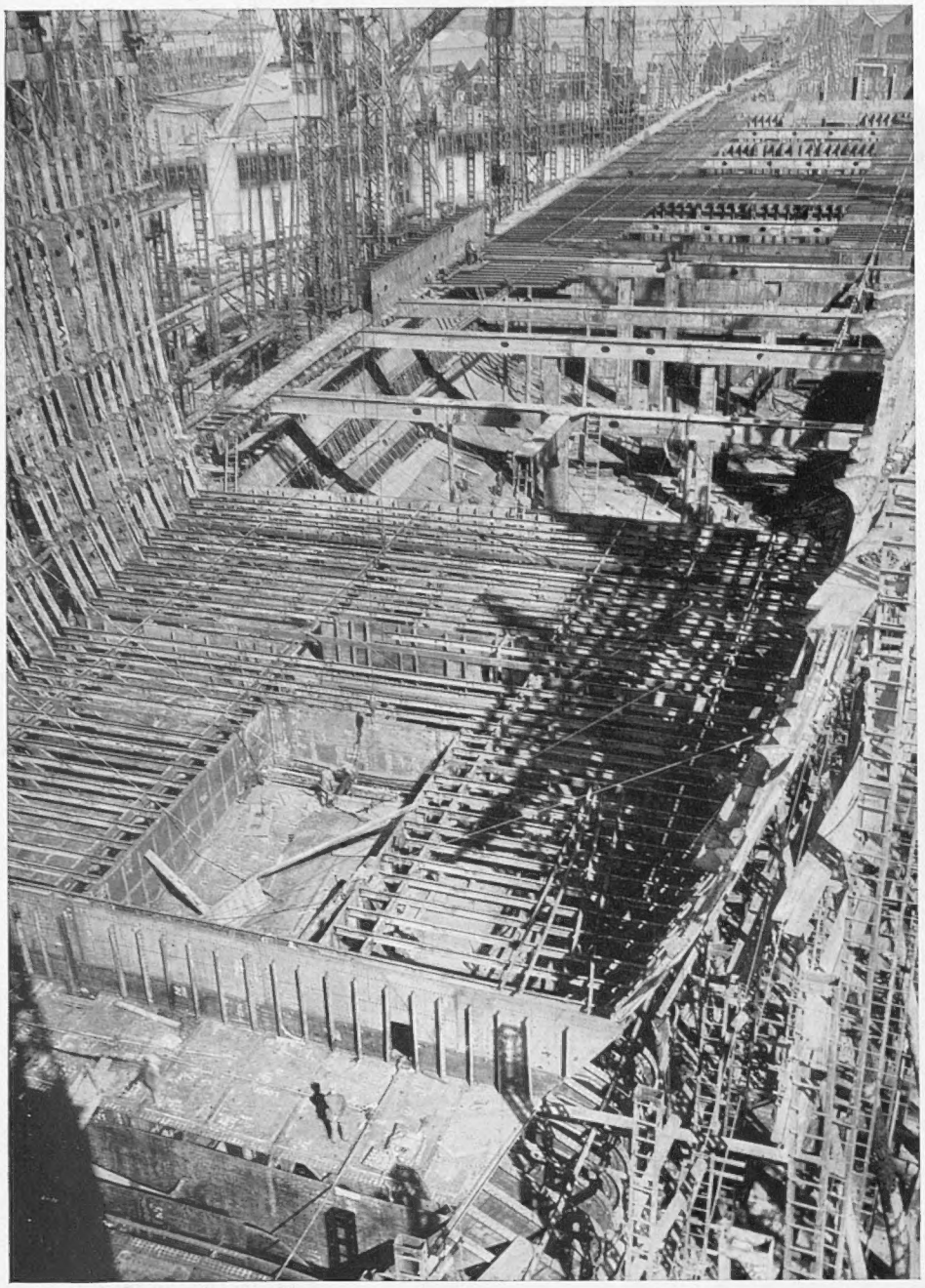
FRANCE AND ENGLAND: Lady Haig with M. André Maginot, the French Minister for War, who performed the ceremony. They are seen above in the procession.

Left: *REPRESENTING THE ARMY: Lord Allenby delivering his address at the unveiling. Microphone and camera were — as is inevitable in this year of grace — well in the foreground.*

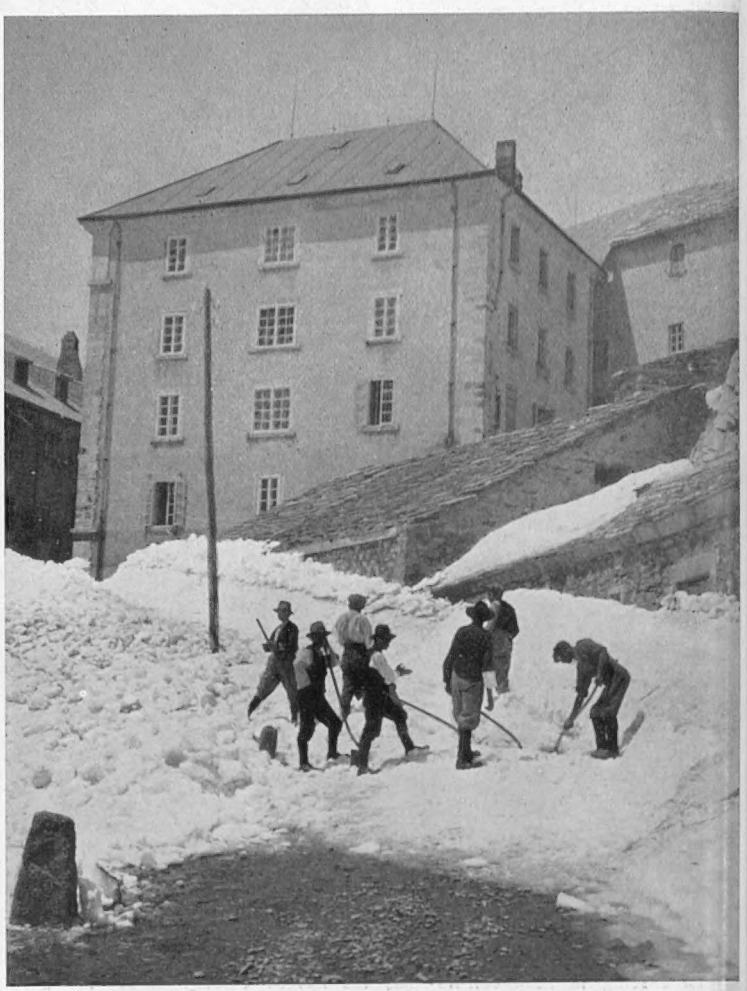
Right: *HONOUR TO THE IMMORTAL DEAD: Maj.-General Sir Fabian Ware, the head of the Imperial War Graves Commission, addressing the gathering at the foot of the Cross of Sacrifice in the cemetery of Etaples where 10,757 officers and men lie buried. This memorial service was held last Saturday, the day before the unveiling of the Haig statue, and was attended by many British and French visitors*

The ROUND *of the* DAY

Tragedy in France: Tennis at Wimbledon: The St. Bernard Pass Re-opened: The New Cunarder



THE WORLD'S LARGEST LINER: A striking overhead view of the new, as yet unchristened, Cunarder under construction in Messrs. John Brown and Co.'s yard at Clydebank

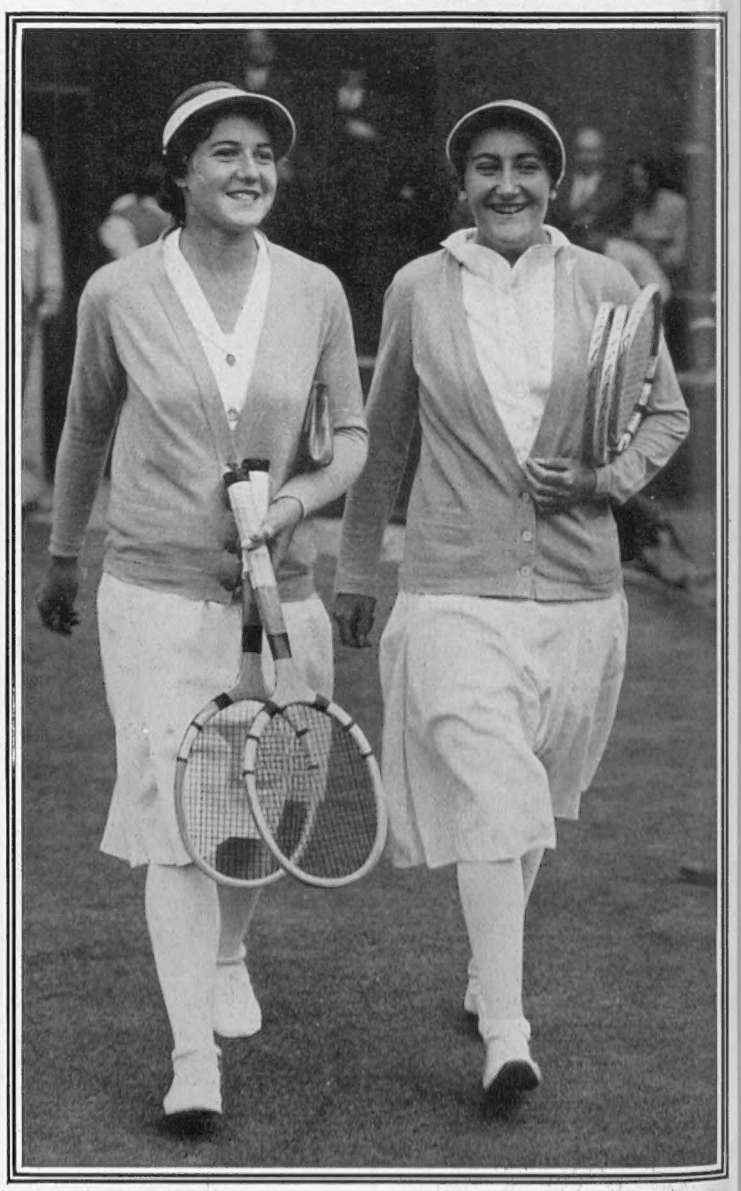


THE ST. BERNARD PASS RE-OPENED: A picture taken from the first car to force its way through the famous Hospice which has been isolated for several months by the snowy weather in which the famous dogs do their heroic work

TRAGEDY AT THE EXHIBITION: The Netherlands Pavilion at the Exposition Internationale Coloniale at Vincennes, which had been opened by the Queen of Holland but a few days, burned to ashes last week-end — recalling the tragic fire of 1897 at the great Charity Bazaar in Paris. The art treasures were annihilated but no casualties occurred

UNGRACEFUL BUT EFFECTUAL: Fräulein Krahwinkel proved too good for Miss Round with her inescapable reach

THE YOUNG HOPE: Miss Scriven's curious left-hand grip, 2 inches up the handle, with which she hits a vicious drive



THE SENSATION OF WIMBLEDON: Miss "Peggy" Scriven with Mme Mathieu. The young English girl who had never played before on the Centre Court only went down 1—6, 6—2, 7—5—a triumph of nerve

The PAGEANT at KNOLE

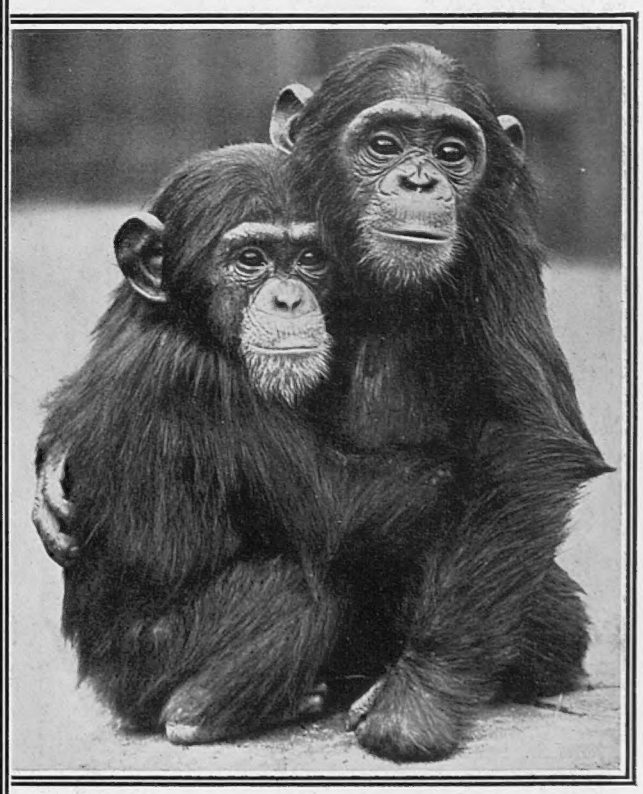
And Fashions on the Paris Courses

HISTORY RE-ENACTED AT KNOLE: A scene during the pageant at Lord Sackville's glorious seat at Sevenoaks. The history of the life of Henry VIII was presented. The Stone Court (built by the "Married" King) is here seen peopled with the Court of the Great Tudor on the arrival of Katharine. The pageant was held on Tuesday in aid of the Waifs and Strays

Peter North

ENGLAND'S FIRST PROTESTANT QUEEN: Anne Boleyn, the unwitting cause of England's Protestantism, a rôle created by Miss Wagdelin at the great pageant at Knole in aid of the Waifs and Strays

FASHIONS IN FRANCE: On left is an *ensemble* caught by the camera at the Grand Prix Meeting, Longchamps, which features a poke-bonnet held in place by a wide velvet neck-band. On right an Oriental visitor, arrayed in a striking costume recalling the divided skirt of the Señorita and carrying an Oriental sunshade over her bare head, is seen at Auteuil



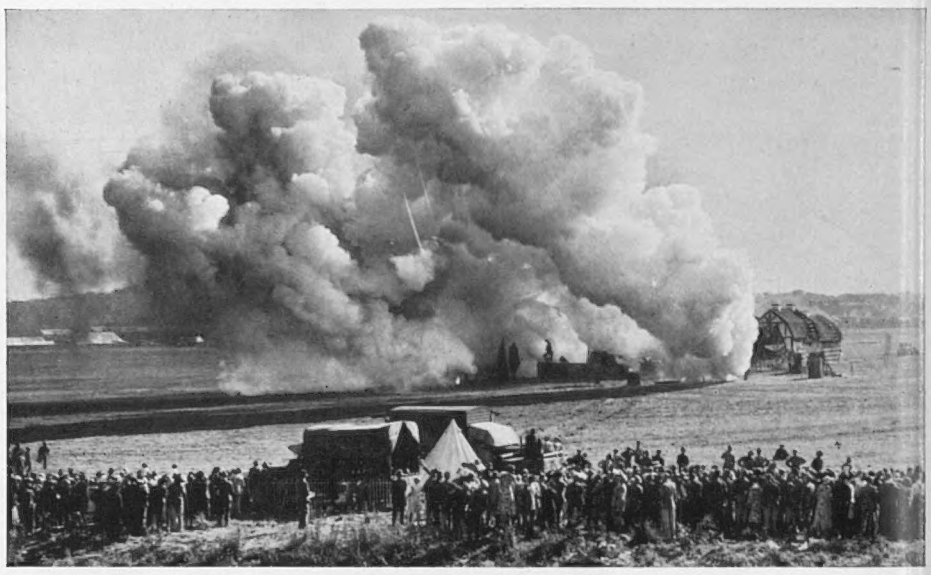
NEW ARRIVALS AT THE ZOO: Ivy and Phoebe, two affectionate chimpanzee babies, who have just arrived at Regent's Park

THRILLS GALORE

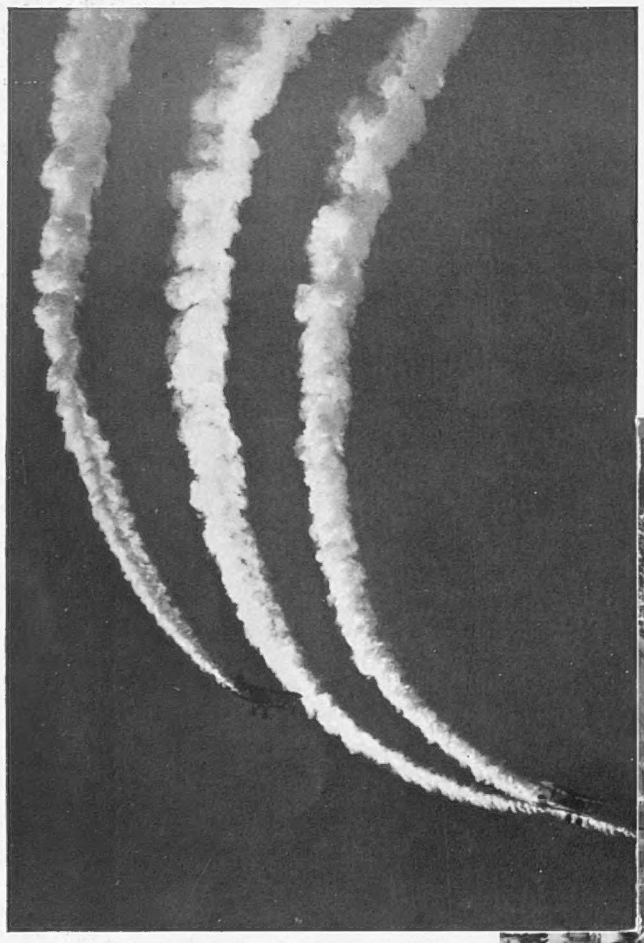
In the R.A.F. Pageant

"SUSPENDED TWIXT EARTH AND THE SKY": Five of the parachutists who "stepped into space" caught by the camera as they sailed gracefully and innocuously to earth

SKIMMING THE HEADS OF SPECTATORS: A remarkable composite picture of the low flying at Hendon which, providentially, resulted in no casualties, despite the daring quality of the evolutions and "stunts" performed. The flying—and the crowds—eclipsed all former years



AERIAL DESTRUCTION: Heavy bombers complete the work of destruction on the set-piece of the Air Force Pageant. Fast bombers launched the first attack while the slower and heavier machines finished the village specially erected to disappear in swirls of heavy smoke



"TRAILS BLAZED IN THE SKY: Three machines leave a track of coloured smoke — one of the most effective of Hendon stunts

EXODUS: The incredible scene at Colindale Station after the pageant. The road was solid with humanity, and the greatest thrill of the whole exciting day came to some when they at last secured a seat or standing room on one of the London-bound trains—the biggest traffic movement yet accomplished by the Underground

The ZULUS are RESTIVE again

THE MILITANT PRIESTS OF THE IMPIS: *A Zulu witch-doctor. His commands are obeyed as divine*

THE DELIGHT OF THE WARRIOR: *Zulu girls whose rôle is the Nietzschean one of delighting and breeding fighting men*

A FIRST-CLASS FIGHTING MAN: *A typical member of a Zulu* impi. *The tribal philosophy is undiluted Nietzscheanism*

Over A Quarter of A Million of the Finest Specimens of Africa, Unresponsive to Civilization and Traditionally Warriors, Menace the "Pax Africanda"

By W. J. MAKIN

There are three sounds in coloured countries which are apt to give the white man an unpleasant thrill.

One is the roar of lions, when one is crouched in unpleasant proximity at night in the heart of the bush; even the most hardened lion-hunter will admit that chill at the spine. Then there is the roar of an Indian mob, looting and fighting in the bazaar; one has to live several years in India to appreciate the horrible possibilities of that dull roar.

And the third is the deep-sounding battle-chant of a Zulu *impi* advancing in crescent formation, their oiled black bodies hiding behind the raw-hide shields and the gleaming assegais brandished by powerful arms.

Once in company with the Prince of Wales I watched a mighty war-dance by an assembly of 40,000 Zulus. They advanced, one big *impi* after another, stripped naked for battle, witch-doctors to the fore, Zulu maidens clapping and shrilling their joy, and the vast plain trembling beneath the syncopated stamp of thousands of bare feet.

When, finally, they assembled for one fierce charge, the spectacle was both magnificent and terrifying. They began with a slow, solemn battle-chant. Slowly, like gigantic black crescent moons, they stalked and stamped across the plain. They prolonged the tension before the final charge until it became almost unbearable. Then, at a high-pitched scream from one of the dancing witch-doctors, the whole black mass with its assegais and shields came pounding forward. The second *impi* raced behind. And a third. And a fourth. Shock tactics. There was not a white man there who did not leap instinctively to his feet.

But the charge came to an abrupt close. Within three yards of the Prince of Wales those 40,000 Zulu braves stopped, panting, sweating, roused by song and dance, but held in check by the scream of their own chief.

"That's the last time you'll see a great Zulu army in the field," said a Native Commissioner standing at my side.

"I wonder," I murmured.

And I still wonder. Within the past year the many reports of native outbreaks that have come from Natal emphasize that the Zulu braves are restless. The other week, 2,000 Zulus armed with assegais crept upon a tribe celebrating a wedding. In one rush they sprang forward upon the camp-fires and stabbed right and left. The natives at the wedding feast fled screaming into the night. White settlers in the vicinity stayed awake, rifles in their hands.

The superficial observer in South Africa is apt to see the Zulu only as a rickshaw boy in Durban, magnificently decorated, or as a house boy in an efficiently-run ménage, or maybe as a pipe-smoking native wrapped in a blanket and parading the barbed-wire compounds of Johannesburg, where he is isolated as a gold-mine worker. They appear happy and even picturesque in a gaudy fashion. Except for a few serious-minded white people in Natal and elsewhere, there is a tendency for British and Dutch in South Africa to lump the Zulu with the mass of Bantus under the contemptuous general term of Kaffirs.

But because the Zulu has been ignored, his restlessness has become serious, if not dangerous. Few people realize that it is only fifty years ago that Cetewayo with an army of 40,000 braves was inflicting severe losses on a British army marching through Natal.

THE WARRIORS OF AFRICA: *A group of Zulu braves in the finery of their race. They carry the assegai and the raw-hide shield as their sole weapons of offence and defence*

Fighting is inherent in the Zulu. He shares with the Pathan and the Riff that incessant desire for conflict. And all the repressive effects of civilization fail with this race. True it is that traders' gin and the diseases of the whites have had withering effects upon this race. And the missionary has done his share in the effort to inculcate Christianity among them. But Nietzsche's *Beyond Good and Evil* would be more suitable as an ethical handbook to the Zulu race than the Bible.

It used to be believed that civilization was more powerful than machine-guns in subduing a savage people. It has worked successfully with the Australian aborigine, the Kanaka of the South Seas, and also with the Red Indian of America. But it has failed singularly with the Zulus. For one thing, the Zulus were much too virile a race to go down before the advance of civilization with its concomitants of gin and disease. Moreover, the Zulu race has a hygiene and a code of morals as sound and as sensible for the future as Moses inculcated among the Israelites. Add to this the widespread practice of polygamy and the desire for healthy male offspring, and the continual rapid growth of the Zulu race is explained. To-day the Zulus number 260,000 and they surround a meagre white population of 4,000 in Natal.

To ride in a rickshaw in Durban with a galloping, curvetting Zulu boy pulling you, is to see the degradation of Africa's finest native. A rickshaw boy in Durban lasts about five years. Then Drink and the Devil do the rest. He takes easily to the vices of the city. Gold mines and rickshaws and the tempting offer of finery by Zulu store dealers have done much to help forward the triumphant march of civilization against the savage.

But not completely. Those 260,000 Zulus are a danger to peace and prosperity throughout South Africa. Moreover, their economic position becomes daily more desperate. There has been some attempt to create native reserves in Zululand, but the spread of the sugar-cane plantations in Natal and the incessant land hunger of the Boer have pushed this race into smaller and yet smaller reserves. The native reserves are insufficient to support the increasing population. A warrior race is cooped up.

But far more serious is the spreading of sedition among the Zulus by black agitators educated abroad, or clever assimilators of the slum civilization of Johannesburg and Durban. Where the police find such agitators, they have powers to deport them. These powers are granted the police under the Riotous Assemblies Act passed last year, and they include the right of deporting Europeans as well as natives. Already several white suspects have been deported, while the "removals" of native agitators from the great centres of population back to their own kraals or specially designed locations average about a thousand a month.

And, frankly, unrest could find no better soil than among the Zulu hordes of to-day. They are a race tired of peace. These black giants who have an instinctive desire to live dangerously have now endured fifty years of respectability, but recall a history of militaristic Nietzscheanism and all its lust for discipline, conquest, and its spoils.

The wars of Chaka and Cetewayo are still told within the kraals of Zululand by the dancing witch-doctors. A half-hearted attempt is now being made to stamp out the witch-doctor south of the Zambesi, but he flourishes and reigns as strongly as ever. And, crouched by the flickering fires, with assegais and shields lightly resting against their fine black bodies, the Zulu hordes listen to these fighting tales of other days. When the Zulu is bored he does not yawn. His hand reaches out for the assegai.

FLIGHTS ROUND *the* WORLD

The Nine Day Wonder Compared to its Predecessors

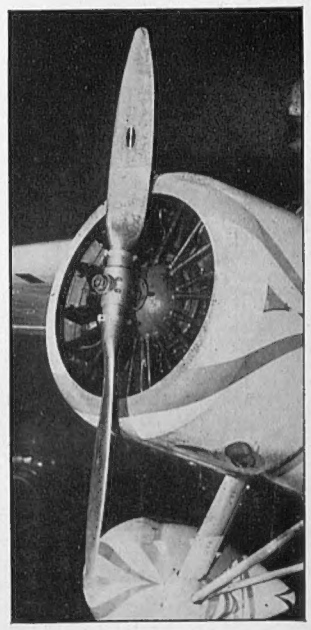
By C. G. GREY
(Editor of The Aeroplane*)*

Some day the world must be properly encircled by orthodox commercial air-lines carrying mails and passengers. Consequently those people who fly round the world for sport, or for publicity, or for reward are in fact the pioneers of real commercial aviation, and consequently deserve serious consideration.

For some curious reason flying round the world always seems to us to mean flying round the Northern Hemisphere more or less along the same degree of latitude; but naturally, the farther North you fly the shorter is the distance you have to cover, till, on the *reductio ad absurdum* principle, you could fly round the world by doing a steeply-banked turn round the North Pole.

The first flight round the world was made by four officers and men of the U.S. Army Air Service. Lieutenant Lowell Smith with Lieutenant L. P. Arnold, and Lieutenant Erik Nelson with 2nd Lieutenant J. Harding. Four machines started with an officer and a man in each. They started from Seattle on April 6, 1924, along the coast of British Columbia and down the Aleutian Islands to Japan, across Indo-China, and India and Arabia, and so to England. Thence they flew to Iceland and to Greenland and Newfoundland, and so back to New York, and across the States to Seattle. They started from Seattle on April 6, 1924, and got back again on September 28, their flying time was 371 hours.

For the overseas journey from America to India they used floats, and for the overseas journey from England to America they changed back to floats again after doing the intermediate stages on wheels.



THE MOTIVE POWER: The propeller of the *Winnie Mae* which has functioned perfectly on the astonishing trip. It was hammered into shape after an accident

ROUND THE WORLD IN NINE DAYS: Messrs. Post (the one-eyed Oklahoma Indian) and Gatty (the former Australian naval cadet) whose aerial attempt has thrilled the world. The 'plane in which Messrs. Post and Gatty are flying is of the same type as that used by the late Commander Glen Kidston when he flew to South Africa in record time—a Lockhead Vega fitted with a Pratt and Whitney "Wasp" engine—an all American machine with a cruising speed of 150 m.p.h. and a maximum speed of 175 m.p.h.

ROUND THE WORLD IN NINE DAYS? The *Winnie Mae* in which Messrs. Wiley Post and Harold Gatty have been attempting to fly round the world from New York to New York, leaves Tempelhof Aerodrome, Berlin. *Inset above* is a map of the flight reproduced by courtesy of *The Morning Post*

Also they broke up or had to change over a number of aeroplanes and engines.

That flight was an example of success through elaborate organization. No chances were taken, so far as human ingenuity could guard against chances, and no lives were lost and nobody was seriously hurt.

By contrast this most recent Round-the-World flight, which at the moment of writing looks like being completely successful, was very much of a pure gamble. It was one of those undertakings which was bound to succeed if nothing went wrong.

Everybody knows that you can run any good aero-engine for 150 hours non-stop, practically at full power. And everybody knows that any one of several high-speed cabin-monoplanes will cruise at 120 m.p.h., and *can* do 150 m.p.h., consequently if nothing goes wrong a flight of 18,000 miles practically non-stop is a certainty.

The risks which Messrs. Post and Gatty took were merely the risks of being forced to land through a bit of grit in a carburetter or a defect in a sparking plug or something of that sort. Apart from that their only risks were that whoever happened to be piloting the machine might make a mistake in landing—and that was hardly likely.

One of the unforeseen risks nearly got them at Khabarovsk when their wheels stuck in the mud. If luck had been against them instead of with them the machine would have stood on its head and would have wrecked the air-screw or the engine or possibly the whole machine. But their luck held.

A lot of nonsense has been written about the stretch from Siberia by way of the Aleutian Islands to Alaska being so much more dangerous than flying the Atlantic. If arrangements have been made for a machine to land for fuel on the way and it happens to strike a foggy period, then the stretch by the Aleutian Islands is bad. But if the machine is going to do a non-stop hop straight across, then the risks are actually less than on the Atlantic stretch.

If the machine falls into the North Atlantic between Newfoundland and England, right off the steamer routes, the odds are anything you like against anything ever being heard of it again. But along the Aleutian Islands route, if there does not happen to be any fog, the pilot is hardly ever out of sight of land. The coast of Kamschatka has Russian or Japanese, or even American fishing and canning stations along it at frequent intervals, and there are similar stations on a good many of the islands, besides the camps of the native fishermen.

Even if a forced landing has to be made in fog there is a better chance of finding an island before the petrol or the engine gives out than there is of getting any help on the Atlantic. And the risk of hitting an island in the fog and being killed is no greater than the risk of hitting a mountain or a church steeple when flying blind in fog across the most civilized part of Europe.

Whether one admires most the American Army flight or the flight of Messrs. Post and Gatty depends entirely on one's temperament. One was the success of very perfect and elaborate organization with very imperfect implements, the other has been the success of taking a pure gamble on implements which have had seven years more in which to be perfected.

Also we must not forget that the world has been encircled to a far greater extent by a British officer, one Kingsford-Smith, who started the job as a captain in the Royal Australian Air Force (Retd.) and finished it as an Air Commodore (Hon.) He took about three years over it, but he did the job in terrifically long non-stop stretches. The only regrettable thing about it is that he did it in a Dutch aeroplane with American engines.

He first leapt into fame by flying for the first time in history from the west coast of America to the Hawaiian Islands and thence to Australia. Just by way of showing willingness he flew from Australia to New Zealand and back. And then a year or so later he flew from Australia to England.

Then, after having his machine practically rebuilt he flew from England to Ireland and from Ireland to the United States. Somewhere in the course of his journeyings he has also flown across the States, so that he actually flew round the world more than did any of the Americans, because in the course of his wanderings he did actually cross the Equator twice, where the others kept well north of the Equator all the way.

In a way these Round-the-World Flights have no direct influence on serious commercial aviation. But just because the record of to-day is always the ordinary flying speed of to-morrow so a Round-the-World Flight under hazardous conditions to-day indicates what may be an ordinary air-mail route of the future.

As we go to press the two daring aviators are announced to have reached Edmonton in Western Canada and were speeding on towards American territory. Thus it appeared that this amazing air journey was about to come to a successful termination provided no last-minute mishap took place. It began, as far as this country is concerned, with the sudden appearance out of the sky at Chester of a big white monoplane. The arrival of the 'plane was quite unexpected but any doubt of its origin was dispelled by the conversation of the two aviators who spoke with a vibrous American intonation which had lost nothing of its quality over the wide Atlantic wastes. The rest of the journey can be followed in the time table given on this page.

THE LOG

DAYS	HOPS	MILES
Tu.	New York—Harbour Grace - -	1,200
Tu.-W.	Harbour Grace—Chester - -	2,300
W.	Chester—Hanover - - -	525
W.	Hanover—Berlin - - -	150
Th.	Berlin—Moscow - - - -	975
F.	Moscow—Novosibirsk - -	2,100
Sat.	Novosibirsk—Irkutsk - -	1,000
Sat.	Irkutsk—Blagovestchensk -	1,000
Sun.	Blagovestchensk—Khabarovsk -	400
Mon.-Tu.	Kharbarovsk—Solomon - -	2,500
Mon.-Tu.	Solomon—Fairbanks - -	500
Tu.-W.	Fairbanks—Edmonton - -	1,500
W.	Edmonton—New York? - -	2,000
9 days		16,150

Note: Circumference at equator: 24,899 m

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ADVOCATE, PRISONER, AND GUARD: Three typical personalities at a French trial. The avocat *is especially characteristic of that type described in the accompanying article*

THE HALL of LOST STEPS

French Justice Contrasted in Form with English

By JOSSLEYN HENNESSY

With a few deft strokes that delightful "Wanderer in Paris," Mr. E. V. Lucas, suggests the differences between the atmosphere of the Royal Courts of Justice in London and the Palais de Justice in Paris. Here we are in the great hall of the Palais—*la Salle des Pas Perdus*—it is Mr. Lucas who speaks: "There is nothing like it in the Strand. Our Strand counsel are a dignified, clean-shaven, bewigged race, striving to appear old and inscrutable and important . . . sagacious reserve is their fetish. Hence our Law Courts, although there are many consultations and incessant passings to and fro, are subdued in tone and overawing to the talkative. But the Palais de Justice!—Babel was inaudible beside it. In the Palais everyone talks at once; no one cares a *sou* for appearances or reticence, there are no wigs, no shorn lips, no affectation of a superhuman knowledge of the world. . . . The movement as well as the vociferation is incessant, for out of this great hall open as many doors as there are in a French farce, and every door is continually swinging. Indeed that is the chief impression conveyed; that one is watching a French farce, since there has never been one yet without a legal gentleman in his robes and black velvet cap. The chief difference is that here there are hundreds of them. As a final touch of humour, or lack of gravity, I may add that notices forbidding smoking are numerous, and that every advocate and every client is puffing hard at his cigarette."

Now let M. René Benjamin take you into the Cours d'Assises.*

Three hundred Parisiennes are clinging to the gowns of *avocats*, hoping that these will manage to slip them into court. Hurriedly one of them with her *avocat* friend trips up the stairs reserved for witnesses. Too late! The court is chock-a-block. "Perhaps if you slip the usher 10 francs," she implores. "A good idea! Here, you, Jean, this is a great friend of the President of the Court, don't you think you could. . . .? *Jean, vous êtes un frère, un père, un cœur!*" Two guards bar the way. "The President's wife," announces Jean blandly.

"*Accusé, levez-vous!*" Chevreau, Maurice, thirty-nine years old, a sad listless figure, stands before the jury. A door bangs, there is a stir at the back of the court, an advocate enters and darts a suspicious glance at the bench. What? The *interrogatoire* has begun! Of all the cheek! Maître Piero-Piafferi raises his voice, and the personification of impertinence, leers at the President like a chorus girl.

"M. le Président evidently didn't know that I was counsel for the defence." he says, pointing his thumb at the bench. "Oh! It is an excusable error . . . but since the court's debates are not *quite* finished, may I modestly ask that they be taken again from the beginning?"

The President goes red, "Maître," he says, "I thought I saw you in court." Maître Piero, who has sat down, rises and says nobly, "Those words give me entire satisfaction, M. le Président. I expected no less from a man of your delicacy. I thank you!" The proceedings have scarcely begun, already an "incident"! "Piafferi really is gorgeous," chuckle the public and press.

While, rather timidly, the President takes up the *interrogatoire*, Maître Piero looks round the court with self-satisfaction: a brilliant smile at the public, a jovial cuff to his client, a pout at the public prosecutor; he calls the usher and sends notes to the press; he puffs out his chest, plucks up the billowing sleeves of his gown, then suddenly he prances up and interrupts the President. He launches a great attack, rages, dominates, triumphs. The President presides no longer; the public prosecutor tries to support him; Piero finishes his remarks unheeding, and then aggravates his insolence in pretending to excuse it.

The jury are stupefied by this spell. "Gentlemen," he says, crooking his finger at them, "I am anxious to put before you only what is reasonable. I would point out, therefore, a fact which the prosecution has not thought fit to mention, namely, the decision of the Court which settled M. Chevreau's divorce was the cause—and the sole cause—of this tragedy."

"But . . ." stammers the President, thinking he has at last found a lifebuoy amidst the the shipwreck of his authority, "we shall reach that point in its proper place. . . ."

"*Nous y sommes, M. le Président,*" cries Piero, "*et nous y resterons.*" For a few minutes he is content to subside, and the accused tells his story. His wife whom he adored deceived him, nay, even when the child whom he had thought his own . . . finally, against his will a divorce. . . . The Court takes the child from him.

"An abominable decision!" interjects Maître Piero.

"I allow no reflections on a decision of the Court," retorts the President. "You can criticise (magistrates are human and open to error), but only with proper respect."

"The respect I have for their office does not extend to their decisions," thunders Piero, as one speaking in the name of every right-thinking citizen.

The public prosecutor raises clenched fists to heaven. "Please, please! Maître," he says, "if you create incidents every minute we shall still be here next month."

Piero stiffens. "Till justice is done," he replies sternly. . . . "Gentlemen, do you not feel the poignancy of this moment? We were debating the murder of a woman . . . now, all of a sudden, Justice herself stands arraigned!"

He becomes imbued with a horrible gravity. "Gentlemen, however high magistrates may be placed on the social ladder, that ladder, like Jacob's, leads to God! When one utters this Name, which spells all perfection, then indeed the mind hesitates to accord even to men in the highest places, praises without limit and respect without reserve." At these words he spreads open his arms. "I would prefer," he declaims dramatically, "that my gown (he clutches its lapels), symbol of my honour and my independence, should be torn from me even as I stand here, if in my plea, which is that of Liberty (he raises his eyes to heaven and appears to be communing with his Maker), I were not allowed to judge even judges, and to pronounce on beings who are but fallible men, words which may not be in strict admiration of their deeds."

He bows his head like a tragedian at the fall of the fifth act, and awaits the rounds of applause which break from the barristers and spectators. The President obtains silence by threatening to clear the court, and takes up his interrupted *interrogatoire*. "The court's first decision was, it seems, painful for you, prisoner at the bar, but a further decision returned you your child. . . . All right, all right, *Maître*, don't torment yourself! I *know* certain conditions were attached. . . . You had to send the child to its mother one afternoon a week. You tell us that the mother regularly tore off its outer garments, which were yours, and replaced them by some of her own. We are agreed on that point. No . . .? I hardly hoped as much. Maître Piafferi cannot agree on the simplest point. . . ."

"Gentlemen," says the Maître, rising with dignity, "if I may not interrupt the President, there is no rule of law to restrain the expression of my countenance, which responds instinctively to the flow of my thought. I have no need to excuse my expression before the court, any more than my breathing, but when it registers approval there is no need wilfully to misinterpret it as disagreement. M. le Président, you have spoken clearly, truly; you have painted justly the provocation offered week by week by a mother who loved her child only in so far as her love was successful in infuriating the father. Poor Chevreau! He has waited patiently four months in his cell without complaint, while the police and Justice, both blind, both halt, sought to establish a case against him where obviously there is none."

The public prosecutor leaps to his feet, "*Maître*, this is really beyond all limits!"

The President rages, "*Maître*," he cries, "I would have you know that it is I who control this court. Kindly keep quiet until called upon to speak."

Slowly the examination proceeds, witnesses are called. Those for the defence are lauded to the skies by Piafferi. "Good friend," he says unctuously to one, "the jury will see to it that Maurice who can inspire such friendship is restored to you to-night." Those for the prosecution are vilified and humiliated. "Spite of the prosecution," he says of one, "yes spite, and I add the word 'useless,' for no jury can believe the word of a man who has shown such culpable weakness in his life."

Needless to say after a final impassioned and devastating speech for the defence, the self-confessed murderer is acquitted.

"Alas!" exclaims M. René Benjamin, "to throw light on darkness is never the aim of the debate before the *Cours d'Assises*. The new school of advocates has grasped the fact that the best method of defence is progressively to confuse the minds of the jury. If the jury find before them a case which seems clear and simple, then by force of continual interruptions, defending counsel raises a dozen red herrings, and the simplest story becomes a complicated drama before which the twelve good men, haunted by fear of an error, hesitate . . . and then acquit."

A dishonest magistracy is not the root cause of this state of affairs; on the contrary, my inquiries and observation lead me to believe that the French magistracy is perfectly honest. The great handicap, however, is that owing to wretched pay, it is recruited from amongst second rate men. The President of the *Cour de Cassation*—the highest judicial dignitary—gets £1,250 a year. Our Lord Chief Justice in contrast gets £8,000. A Court of Appeal judge gets £500, against £5,000 in England. A county court judge gets a mere £176, against £1,500. Secondly, there is no difficulty in getting off jury service, so that generally the jury is recruited from the least educated citizens. Finally there are some 3,300 paid judges in France, as against under 300 in England. To pay so many judges well would obviously be ruinous to the state. To decrease their number seems well-nigh impossible owing to the influence of vested interests. A distinguished *avocat général* said to me, "the jury system, which the Napoleonic lawyers copied from your law may work in England, but in France it leads to a mockery of justice. A dozen criminals are let off, and then the jury, thinking that at last they really must assert their authority may easily condemn an innocent man. On the other hand, I beg you to remember that cases tried without jury by the Tribunal alone, form the overwhelming majority of those heard, and in these cases, which make no sensational appeal and so escape the newspaper headlines, I claim that our justice is as effective as any in the world."

FIGHTING FOR LIFE: A vignette during the murder charge brought against Mrs. Nixon Nerdlinger, a former U.S. beauty queen, which (inevitably) resulted in an acquittal. Many murderers escape the death penalty owing to the fact that in French law there are two charges—assassination, involving premeditation, and murder, committed in the heat of the moment—analagous to an exaggerated manslaughter

* This impression of a typical criminal court scene is based on a free adaptation, which by courtesy of the publisher, A. Fayard, I have made specially for The Sphere, from M. Benjamin's book, *La Cour d'Assises*, no translation of which has yet appeared in English.

SIX-LEGGED GROTESQUE OF THE OCEAN FLOOR: The stone crab, like most crabs, is an adept in camouflage. Above it floats a fish of the plaice type

PISCINE TRIO: A perch, an albino pike, and a sturgeon (the provide organs of touch) recalling the canine dewlaps. The large picture a on their life in their native eleme

The notes below come from the pen of Mr. J. E. Williamson, the distinguishe under-water explorer and photographer, who, by means of his device, known as the "Williamson Tube," took the first submarine photographs.

Come with me under the sea. There in the great silence we can talk a wonders unfold along the ocean floor. Come just as you are, for you are not going down in a diving suit or helmet, a diving bell or any contrap tion that will get you wet, charge you with pressure, or cut you off from a free supply of the air above. You are going with me down the "hole i the sea" to cruise through the mysteries of the ocean—as comfortably a you would sit in your car and drive leisurely along a country road.

We arrive on location in a place of enchantment near the outer fringe of the West Indies, where Columbus, feeling blindly for land, may have guided his magic fleet over the very waters we rest upon, and now the fairyland of the aquatic world awaits us below. The depth has been sounded and, section after section, the required length of our submarine tube has been coupled together and lowered away by our crew and all is ready.

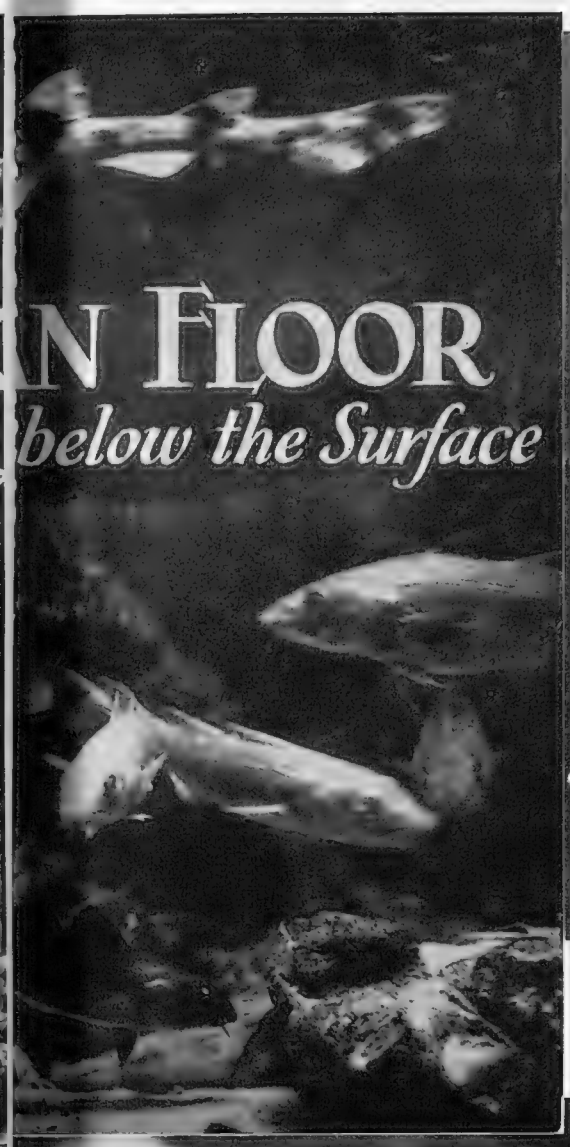
You can climb down with me under the sea or be lowered in a seat, but the construction of the tube forms a natural ladder, and to climb down o up, leaves the action entirely to you. You will climb? Fine! Let's go— down—down we go. This is easy. We can rest awhile here, for we must be about forty feet below. You can see how the water-pressure affects the flexible metallic tube. It works in accordeon fashion, adding strength and weight to its structure, and adjusting itself to the pressures of the sea. The bending motion felt near the surface lessens as we descend.

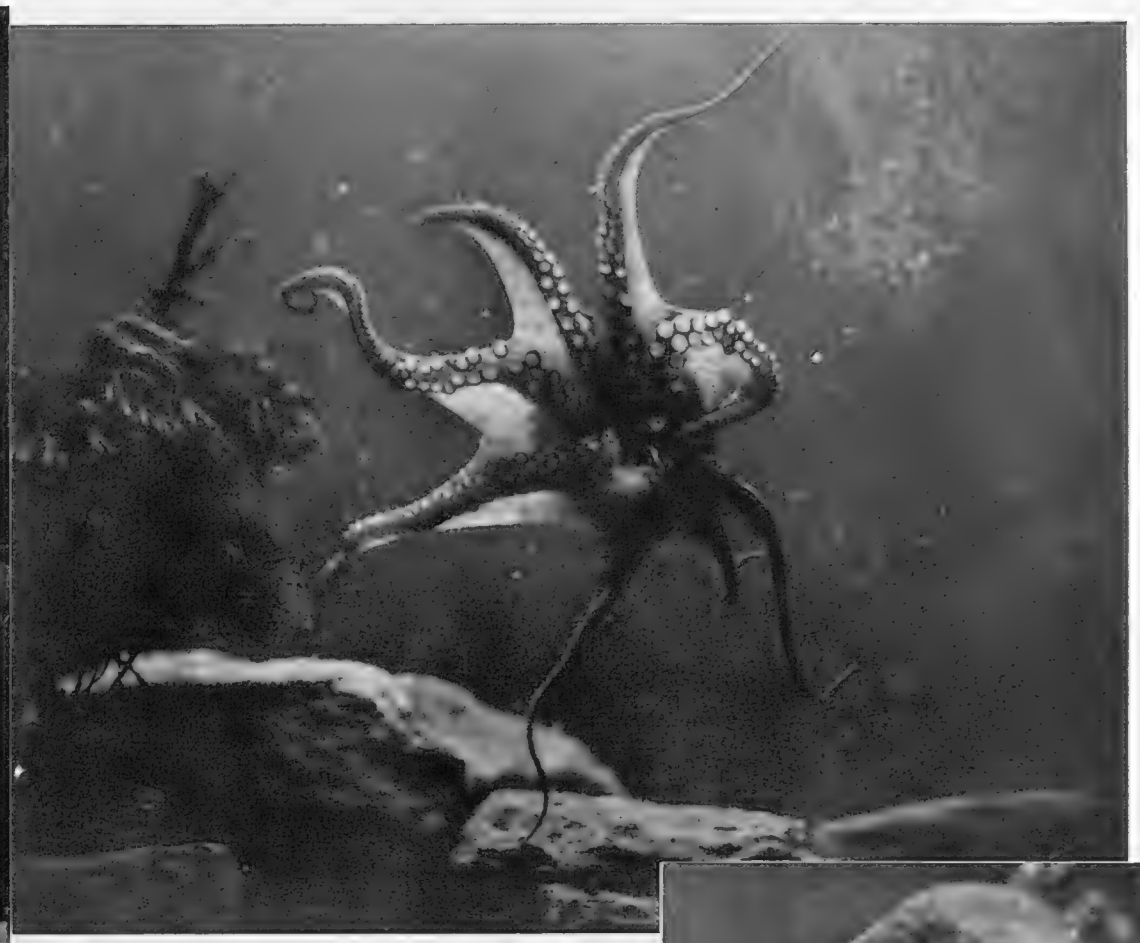
It is quiet here—away from the waves at the surface.

Look! What luck! We have landed right into the heart of an old wreck with only its "dead bones" remaining. I was hoping to locate it, for I passed it here once before and I know it harbours some weird denizens of the sea. Our eyes are becoming accustomed to the pale light now, but I can flash on my lights if they are needed. Did you see that giant moray loop out of the rotted ribs of the wreck? His green, snake-like body must have been twelve feet long. He is a species of conger eel equipped with poisonous teeth capable of shearing off a diver's arm or leg.

I can never forget the encounter between one of my divers and an octopus in an old wreck like this. To see a man caught in the grasp of even one tentacle of the eight-armed monster having a possible reach of thirty feet, was a hair-raising thrill and a desperate struggle with slashing blows of the diver's knife, was needed to sever the hold of this terrible beast of the deep.

See that tiger shark about to pick up a big muttonfish head our funny coloured cook must have thrown overboard from the galley above. The





AN EIGHT-ARMED MONSTER OF THE DEEP: The octopus, only one of whose arms may mean death to a diver, unless he can sever it with sufficient speed

e and a "royal" fish to boot). The pike has a bull-dog look about it, the beards (its a typical scene on the ocean floor—a variety of fishes—in a variety of attitudes carrying d dog-fish, bass, and cod may be identified

ark glides down to the bait, slides his gaping mouth up to it and takes it . He did not turn over to bite. Nor does any shark have to turn over to te. I think the popular idea that a shark has to turn over to bite comes m the roll to the side that exposes his white belly when a shark makes a rpoise movement at the surface, so that he can look around up there. u see, he has a broad flat head and the eyes are wide apart and on the treme side of the head. This leads him to push one eye up and out for a rvey, much as a submarine uses a periscope. But don't forget, a shark can bite m any position.

A man can successfully combat a shark in its native element. It has been done d it is possible for a strong swimmer to out-manœuvre the shark under water and t into position by grasping the stiff pectoral fin and swinging in along the underside the shark to strike up into the vital organs of the slow turning beast. However, e element of luck must favour the man in the get-away back to the surface and , for the time limit of the encounter is all in favour of the shark, to say nothing of other natural advantages.

Wonderfully clear are these Bahaman waters. You can see through a distance of o or three hundred feet here, the water is so transparent. Up on the shallower ite banks I have seen objects four hundred feet away—sometimes even more. hat a weird panorama unfolds as we drift along through the length of this rotted, ell-incrusted hulk. Lazying fish bank up motionless in the shadows. Nothing ems so lifeless as the sunken wrecks of ships. On the surface, in their charmed ys of service they seem to live. The throbbing of the engines, their vibrating uctures, make them seem like living things. And here lie the remains of one of se " Queens of the Sea," shrouded in the still, quiet depths.

Our wreck is far behind us now and I am drawing our chamber gradually as we proach a ledge. A sea of light seems to flow over the edge of it and down the white d incline, in effect like a waterfall. Look up! Hold! I will work a control and nd the tube around so that you may see overhead—the ceiling of the sea! There is sight that few have beheld. Millions of light beams flashing through the rippling tps of the waves on the surface, creating a rain of light, and as the shafts flash down the sea bed they weave a carpet of soft loops into a tangle of pattern to dance and w on the sea floor.

Now we are over the ledge and a straight-away course is open for easy sailing. A ite coral sand prairie rolling like billows—a sand that is part coral but sown with impalpable dust of shells.

Do you know there great areas of quicksand under the sea, and developing the fama of one of my photoplays I conceived the idea of having one of my characters, he walked along the sea-floor, caught and drawn down into the quick-sands. nother diver, equipped with self-contained diving suit, having no connection with the rface like the trapped man, was to arrive on the scene and effect the rescue at the st moment.

THE CANINE OF THE SEA: The dog fish—one of the most ferocious of marine dangers. The bite of this species is extremely serious, as may be conjectured from inspection of its teeth. Inset above—*PORTRAIT OF A CARP: The beards serve the fish as organs of touch—and are useful to it when grubbing for food in the mud*

I have often left the security of the tube and my comfortable seat here to go out into the open, undersea, and carry out some details myself in order to avoid the necessity for giving elaborate instructions to some diver who might or might not carry them out exactly as I wanted.

It is a dream-like sensation that comes to one down in a diving suit, and while the equipment you wear may contain one hundred pounds of lead you seem as light as a feather and have to lean at a sharp angle to withstand the undertow and the currents of the sea.

J. E. W.

LADY DRUMMOND-HAY writes on WORLD AFFAIRS

An Intimate Causerie on Matters of International Import

LAKE NEMI'S TREASURES REVEALED: A fluted column, tiles, and pipes taken from the bottom of Lake Nemi with the hull of the barge, the restoration of which is now in progress

DISARMAMENT—ECONOMIC. — Nations disarm! Never again war! With this slogan, church, women, peace, labour, pacifist, other national and international organizations are commendably endeavouring to create a world-wide drive for permanent peace, powerful enough to break down the stubborn resistance against reduction of the world's armaments, and successfully to assault ramparts of militarism, at the coming Disarmament Conference in Geneva, during February of next year.

It is a cry from the heart of civilized humanity, provoked by the remembrance of the terrific slaughter in that "War to end Wars." Twelve years later the bitter lessons have already been forgotten. More accurately, I should say, have not even yet been learned.

The air is thick with the talk of armaments, war, revolution, and social disorder. Over the poppy-sewn battlefields stalk vast armies of ghosts, cursing the blindness of mankind, or praying that humanity may be inspired to vision. On that soil, fertilized by the blood and bones of millions of dead, the prophets of peace—statesmen to whom the world has attached the tribute "great"—reached out from Versailles, St. Germain, Trianon, and planted deep the roots of new wars.

Never again war! Sublime thought. A glorious vision. A promise that mankind is approaching perfection. That human nature has undergone transformation. Individual selfishness given way to kindness and selflessness. Antagonism to co-operation, sectional interests, national egoism, racial antipathy, and intolerance—all replaced by an overwhelming desire for the common good, on basis of equality, irrespective of race, creed, colour or nationality. The stronger no longer taking advantage of the weaker. Alas! A mirage—as yet.

No supernatural vision is required to perceive that the coming Disarmament Conference, over which Britain will be entrusted with the historic mission of presiding, is likely to prove disappointing to peace idealists in three ways. First, regarding the extent and scope of disarmament. Second, the illusion that it will be one of the chief factors in solving the world's economic crisis. Third, the idea that it will prevent all wars.

"Disarmament" at Geneva is a misnomer. The term is misleading. There will be no "stripping" of armaments. At best, limitation. True, even that is important IF it reaches any practical extent. Above all, if the Conference does not persist in keeping Europe divided into the two camps, the armed and the disarmed. Such inequality maintained by power breeds fear on the one side, revenge on the other.

There is a tendency in many quarters to focus public mind on the Disarmament Conference as the instrument for solving the economic crisis in Europe. That, too, is misleading, certainly exaggerated, and invites disappointment. The best answer to that is Germany, Austria, Hungary, Bulgaria—disarmed nations. The great powers will not go so far as that in disarming themselves in Geneva, unless a miracle takes place. Some millions of men are employed in the world's vast war machine in arsenals, aircraft factories, shipbuilding yards, chemical works, war-material industries of Great Britain, America, France, Italy, Japan, Czecho-Slovakia, Rumania, Poland, Jugoslavia. Adding even fifty per cent. of these to the many millions of unemployed will scarcely of itself help to solve the economic depression.

DISARMAMENT—PSYCHOLOGIC. — Disarmament at Geneva will be far more important in its effect psychologically than economically.

There is but one certain way of banning wars. That is to remove the causes breeding the scourge with which mankind, even in this civilized age, still flays itself. As long as war remains the only great liberator of those bound by the chains of gross injustice, forged by the stronger on the weaker, and revolution is still the only instrument of the oppressed to win liberty and freedom, there will be wars and revolutions.

Glaring wrongs, injustices, inequalities of peace treaties, virulent with germs of new wars imposed by might, have largely contributed to the dangerous atmosphere that we find in Europe to-day.

The Polish Corridor, cutting Germany into two pieces, the "spear in our side" as the Germans call it, is the worst of these menaces to peace. That fact is recognized by all. The additional armament that Poland maintains in order to feel secure in possession of that Corridor will, in time, make every acre of that broad strip cost the price of a city lot. No statesman has the greatness or courage to draw the consequences.

Hungary, so mutilated, deprived of resources and outlet, some millions of her people forcibly torn from her, and given to Rumania, Jugoslavia, and Czecho-Slovakia, that it is only the armaments around her which keep her in subjection. But Hungary's spirit is not broken. Austria, dismembered, cut off from the sea, union with Germany forbidden, deprived of her markets, football of high politics, her people gentle, pacifistic, shut in by high tariff walls, to live or to die. What more cynical, cruel act, than the one a few days ago, when on the verge of financial collapse, the ultimatum was presented to Austria, to surrender political sovereignty and economic independence as the price of aid. It was the Bank of England that then stepped in and saved her.

Germany refusing to be crushed by the burden of reparations, is fighting against an imposed fate, as a spirited people knows how to fight.

With might we, the victors, and the Little Entente, can for a time—but only for a time—hold Central Europe in subjection. But that means armaments, and not disarming. It will but give impetus to Bolshevism and radical nationalism. Will it pay in the end?

If church, labour, pacifist, and women's organizations will throw some of their influence toward the *removal* of some of the most obvious causes that breed war and revolution, perhaps Europe and the world will that much sooner reach the ideal state of peace to which we all aspire.

THE MAGIC LOOKING-GLASS.—"Metal Mists," applied to cloth, paper, rubber, etc., will produce flexible, durable and unbreakable mirrors. This new process has been successfully developed by Mr. C. Hawley Cartwright, of the California Institute of Technology. Fabrics can be overlaid with a reflecting mirror surface, and not lose their suppleness, or flexible qualities. The process, carried out in a vacuum, consists in breaking up gold, silver, or other metal into molecules, by evaporation. Technically explained "These molecules then bombard the material to be used as a base for the mirror. They line up evenly like soldiers, in what the physicist calls rectilinear propagation, depositing themselves with such tenacity that they cannot be dislodged, even by the chemical reactions which destroy other mirrors. A second process insures long life. An army of quartz molecules chases through the vacuum, and lines up on top of the metal."

It is probable that Cartwright's method will be used in the maintenance of the huge telescope mirrors at Mount Wilson. At the present time, they have to be re-silvered every six months, and re-polished every two weeks. The re-silvering takes about a week. By the new process, the mirrors could be re-silvered in an hour, and would last for years, with no other attention than periodical dusting. By his invention, Mr. Cartwright solved the difficulty which Dr. Albert A. Michelson had with his mirrors fogging up, and tarnishing in the mile-long vacuum tube, with which he is to re-measure the speed of light at Santa Ana, California.

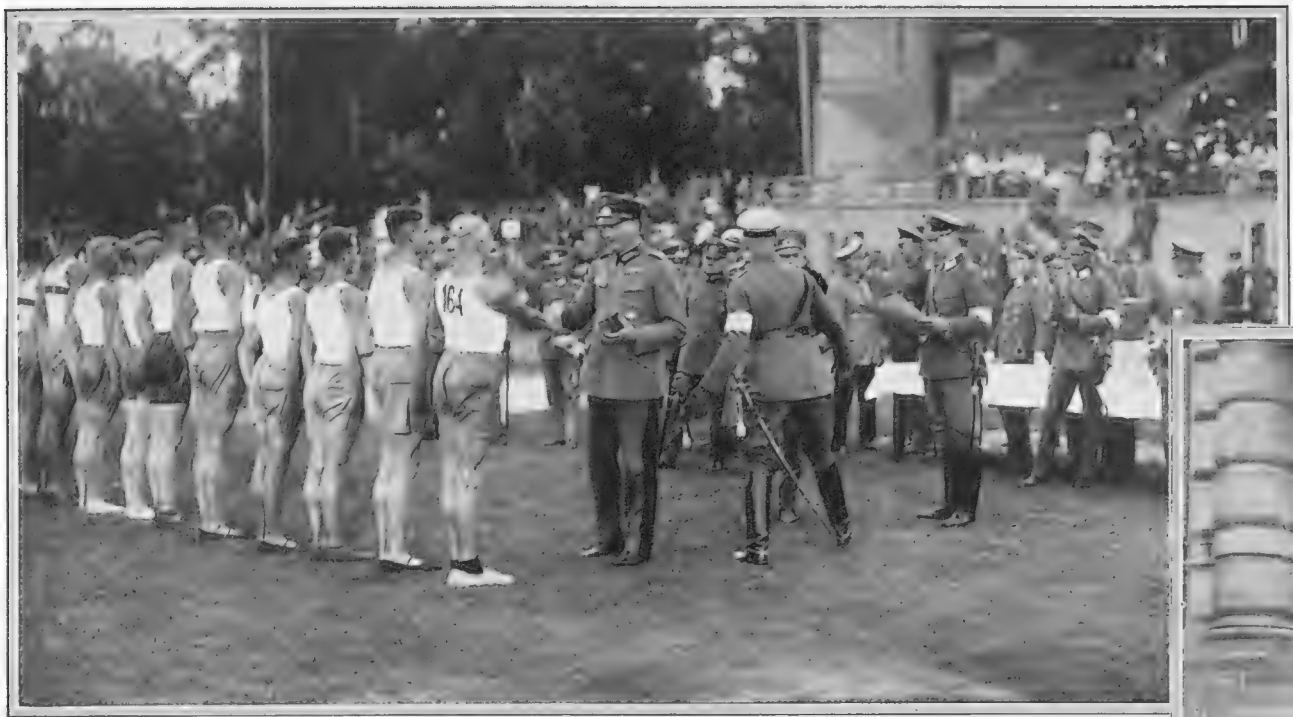
SINGING SANDS.—The Bertram Thomas expedition to the empty quarter of Arabia brought back some weird accounts of that eerie phenomenon, "musical" sands.

Singing sands, laughing sands, barking sands, moaning sands—natural phenomena—are responsible for generations of fantastic travellers' tales. The "music" varies from sonorous rumblings to the high-pitched notes of a string instrument. Authorities differ as to the cause. Some hold that millions of grains of sands of the same size, in regular impact, produce the sound waves, audible as uncanny, supernatural voices of space. Others, that sand grains are coated with salts, which form a film after the evaporation of water. As the grains rub together, the film produces a sound, comparable to the action of resin on the bow of a violin. Singing beaches are more common than singing dunes. Of the former there are some seventy-four in America. There are laughing sands in South Africa, rumbling sands in Chile, moaning sand dunes in the Western Sahara, between Timbuctoo and Morocco, musical dunes in the Libyan Desert, and barking sands in Kauai, one of the Hawaiian Islands.

CHINA FEARS MODERN MEDICINE.—Chinese doctors, practising western medicine, must be prepared to crown their pioneering with possible martyrdom, in spite of government support and encouragement. The Chinese of the interior remain suspicious of the modern doctor. Western-trained Chinese physicians are frequently put in prison if their patients die. This attitude of the masses, likely to imperil liberty and usefulness, if not life, of these expensively-produced apostles of modernization, is a source of anxiety to the Celestial government. The number of Chinese medical graduates from western institutions is increasing each year, as is official encouragement to them, to practice in provincial cities. Because of annoyances and personal danger, most of them are unwilling to do so. Agitation against the "new-style" doctor is attributed partly to doctors of the old school, fearful of seeing their prestige and livelihood disappear before the invader armed with twentieth-century science and methods. Cases occur where, as a last resort, the new-style doctor is called in after Chinese-style doctors have failed. If the patient persists in dying, the last-comer is held responsible, and often held in prison for long periods. The Chinese Government itself strongly approves of western medicine. Western-trained doctors are used in all the army hospitals. A tuberculosis sanitarium, the first entirely under Chinese direction, and endowed with Chinese money, was opened this year near Peiping. The compliment is being returned by the West, through the League of Nations, which is to appoint a Commission of experts to study Chinese medical secrets, from which valuable contributions to modern medicine are expected.

THE UNION OF SOUTH AFRICA'S COMING-OF-AGE: In celebration of the twenty-first anniversary of the Union of South Africa a pageant including scenes of the history of French Hoek from 1688 to 1899 was staged on the farm "La Provence" on June 1. More than 500 descendants of the French Hoek settlers took part. It was at French Hoek in 1688 that the race-proud and insular Huguenots, religious fugitives from France, settled and made their homes. The descendants still till the vineyards and orchards of the valley. Above is an old-fashioned goat-drawn wagon parading at the pageant

The SURVEY of the SPHERE



PRIZEWINNERS OF THE GERMAN ARMY: General von Hannersteim presents the rewards of merit and victory to the winners in the Army Championships. Several hundred competed, and the results clearly showed how fit the men—who share the prevalent German enthusiasm for all open air pursuits, and are officially encouraged therein—contrive to keep

THE LEADER: President Masaryk leaving the International Farm Congress at Prague, which is attended by British delegates

PAGEANT AT ROTHENBURG-AN-DER-TAUBER: The historical shepherds' dance re-enacted in the Platz of the town won, during the Thirty Years' War, by Tilly

THE G.O.M. OF HUNGARY EN FAMILLE: Count Albert Apponyi, with the Countess, their daughter, Countess Palffy, their son, George, and their daughter-in-law

A BEAUTY SPOT OF BAVARIA: The town wall of Rothenburg-an-der-Tauber, a Franconian settlement less famous for its manufactures of toys and agricultural implements than for its historic associations. Made an Imperial Free City in 1172, it suffered gravely in the Peasants' Revolt of 1525, and again in the Thirty Years' War when, after an heroic resistance, it was conquered by the co-commander of Wallenstein, Tilly. The ancient loveliness of the city is but little marred by modernity—a grateful characteristic of many small German towns

Count Apponyi has just celebrated a threefold landmark in his life—his 85th birthday, his 61st year in Parliament, and his 50th successive year as member for the constituency he still represents—Jaszbereny. In opposition to the *status quo* and an ardent patriot, he is the idol of Hungarians high and low. He is a Revisionist and a Monarchist and is well known in Geneva. He has received signal honours both in England and the U.S.A., and received a laurel bough in silver bearing 85 leaves from the League of Nations Union on his birthday. Many of his hereditary lands were ceded to Czecho-Slovakia in 1919 and only by the generosity of his country does he enjoy the small estate he now owns —for this was purchased for him. The Countess is an eager worker for peace and charity, while their daughter, Countess Palffy, has followed her father's precept, that "work is no disgrace," and has a millinery business of her own

ART *of* TO-DAY

And Some High Prices for Masterpieces of the Past

After a long period of depression the auction rooms are showing a real revival, and the leading salerooms of London are beginning to attract the same large crowds as of old. If the prices are not so spectacular as a few years ago they are remarkably good in these days of phenomenal shortage of money. No one can complain of the price—2,300 guineas—given for a splendid Chippendale mahogany writing table, which had been on view a few weeks ago at the Loan Exhibition of Georgian Art at Sir Philip Sassoon's house in Park Lane. But the sale of the pictures which followed it on June 12 at Messrs. Christie's attracted an even larger crowd, the great room being packed to its uttermost capacity. The pictures, some of which were described in the issue of June 6, obtained good prices. The beautiful Pieta by Pietra Perugino (which had been purchased by Sir Christopher Sykes in 1799 for £60), fell to the National Gallery of Ireland at Dublin, for 3,800 guineas, while Romney's portrait of Richard Meyler, as a little boy was sold for 6,500 guineas.

THE CANNING JEWEL: The exquisite art of the Italian Renaissance. It is ascribed to Cellini, and is set with pearls, diamonds, and rubies

A SUPERB PENDANT belonging to the Countess of Lathom, sold by Sothebys. In pearls, rubies, diamonds, and enamel, it shows the beauty of German High Renaissance work

"DAME À LA ROSE," by Helen Perdriat, a brilliant Parisian exponent of modern art

THE ART OF MODERN CHINA; An Indian ink drawing of crabs by Hsia-Yi-Shen, on view in Vienna, where the first exhibition of modern Chinese art is being held

A FIGHT WITH AXES between Sir John Astley and Philip Boyle of Aragon, which took place in Smithfield, 1441–2. This is a full-page miniature in the illustrated fifteenth century illuminated MS., "Ordinances of Chivalry," sold at Sothebys last week. The right-hand illustration, from the same work, shows "The Abilment for the Justus of the Pees," one of the illustrations of the routine of jousting. The armament was that of a man preparing for an encounter which might—though only very unexpectedly—result fatally

The Famous Canning Jewel.—Undoubtedly the most interesting separate articles to be sold in the coming weeks are the two splendid Renaissance jewels which Messrs. Sothebys are selling on July 16. The rare pendant belonging to the Countess of Lathom is one of the finest specimens of its kind in existence, but it has not the historical interest of the rather similar pendant belonging to the Earl of Harewood, which is known as the Canning Jewel. It obtained this name when it was bought by Earl Canning, who was Governor-General of India during the Mutiny, becoming the first Viceroy of India in 1858. The jewel was said to have been found in the treasury of the King of Oudh, when Delhi was captured in the Mutiny, and thus became the property of the Government of India, from whom Canning purchased it. Tradition gives its origin to the great Benvenuto Cellini, who is said to have made it for one of the princes of the Medici in Florence, who afterwards presented it to one of the Mogul Emperors of India. The striking feature of the jewel is the large single pearl of unusual shape which has been adapted for the torso of a Triton.

Lord Nelson's Cabin Furniture.—On Thursday of last week, the furniture which once occupied Lord Nelson's cabin on the *Victory* was sold at Messrs. Christie's. It consisted of a mahogany dining-table, a sideboard made to contain the extra leaves of the dining-table, and a mahogany cellarette. They fetched £997 10s. The dining-table was of a special kind, patented by Richard Gillow in 1818, and therefore was quite a new design when bought for the *Victory*. Captain Hardy had promised Nelson that he should be buried in England, and, in order to make the fore-cabin a temporary mortuary chapel, the furniture had to be removed and was put ashore when the *Victory*, after the battle of Trafalgar, put into Rozia Bay to refit. The furniture was sold, the purchaser being Admiral Henry Warre, who left it to his cousin John Hatt Noble, President of the British Association of Oporto, whose son sold it, in 1862, to the present owner's grandfather.

Pictures and Articles of Jacobite Interest.—A rare Jacobite glass goblet, engraved by the same hand as the Holyrood glass, was sold yesterday at Messrs. Sothebys too late for the price to be obtained. It was an old Pretender goblet and bore a sound cipher—I.R. It had the interest of having always been in the same family of Mr. Bean who were fervent Jacobites. A naval picture of Jacobite interest by P. Monamy, was also sold at Messrs. Sothebys this week.

"STILL LIFE," by GEORGE BELCHER, A.R.A. Exhibited at the Royal Academy

"DRESDEN CHILDREN," by CECIL C. G. HAY. Exhibited at the Royal Academy

There is a distinct artistic mood at the moment which is satisfied largely by studies of still life. This *genre* of painting is ubiquitous in its appeal, for every school—from the delicate precision of the Dutch to the three herrings on a plate of the impressionists—feels its fascination. Many an artist paints a still life as an exercise of his art—others delight in it as an end in itself. They will leave their more familiar methods and *metier* for the charm of studying the intimacies of light and shade in still life. Mr. George Belcher for instance, from time to time, leaves his chalk cartoons for the richer tones of still life. The perfect still life painting does not depend entirely on the interest of form and colour, but largely on the perfect composition of the objects depicted. This characteristic is evident in all the masterpieces of still life. The curl of an orange peel cannot be displaced by a hair's breadth in the perfect still life without ruining the artistic arrangement

THE CHARM *of* STILL LIFE

THE BRAHMAKUND: The sacred pool in which the sins of pilgrims are washed away. The right-angled turn taken by the Lohita Brahmaputra is visible in the far distance

THE SACRED POOL of BRAHMAKUND:

A Place of Pilgrimage for Thousands of Indians

by

BRIAN C. HILL, F.R.G.S.

Tucked away on the extreme border of British administration beneath surrounding mountains in the far north east corner of Assam, close to the borders of Tibet, China, and Burma lies a deep sacred pool or *kund*. Although the public have heard much about the source of the great Brahmaputra River which, as we all know now, rises in Tibet, little or nothing has been said of the sacred pool at Brahmakund, known also as Parashuramakund which, according to Hindu mythology, is considered the source of the great Brahmaputra River.

THE WOMEN SMOKE in the neighbourhood of the Brahmakund. This is a Chulakata or hair-cropped Mishmee wearing characteristic earrings and smoking a characteristic pipe

The Brahmaputra (the name signifies the son of Brahma) is fed principally by three great streams uniting in lat. 27°45 and long. 95°30. It is the least of these streams and the most south easterly that the Hindus have adopted as the chief branch, having sanctified by admission to their theology.

Although to many it retains the name of the great river from its falling straight into the main axis of the main trunk, the river is also known as the Lohita. The word Lohita is said by past historians to mean "blood red," so called because it was stained by the blood of two priests who were murdered on the banks of the river by a Mishmee chief in 1854 at a place called Sime. It seems, however, much more likely that the river Lohita was really named after the son of Brahma, named Lohit, who played a very important part in Parashurama's visit to Brahmakund.

The River Lohita has another interesting point in that it is supposed to be the continuation of the Chinese River Kan-pu-tsangbo, and therefore forms a link between Indian and Chinese geography.

Before visiting the pool or kund one expected to see a gloomy gorge from which the river Brahmaputra poured forth its waters into a large pool; instead of all this the Brahmaputra simply debouches from a low range of hills in a very noisy turbulent stream, and enters the valley by a series of cascades rather than by a deep defile, and this obviously accounts for the large accumulations of stones of immense size which appear to have been propelled forward causing a succession of rapids. The river then turns sharp from the north and flows quietly westwards.

THE GIVER OF ABSOLUTION: The *fakir* sits high up under the trunk of a huge tree and receives the pilgrims, while the tiny streamlet, believed to be the source of the Brahmaputra, flows by

The pool contains hundreds of sacred fish which are said to be the spirits of departed priests or Fakirs, and though the pool is not of any great size its colour and surroundings leave a deep impression on the mind. High up above the sacred pool, under a huge trunk of a tree which forms a shelter, sits the Fakir or Brahmin Priest; a tiny streamlet trickles down the precipitous cliff past the priest's shelter, here and there appearing a vivid red, owing to the stones having been coloured, and falls into the deep sacred pool or *kund* formed by a point of rock which juts out at right angles from the left bank of the river. It is this tiny streamlet which Hindu mythology claims as the real source of the great Brahmaputra river.

Thousands of pilgrims from all over India attempt to visit this sacred pool, and after bathing therein, ascend one by one to receive the priest's blessing. But the journey for them is a long and tedious one. The pool or kund at Brahmakund is sacred to Parashurama after whom it is named, and the incarnation of Parashurama was undertaken by Vishnu for the purpose of exterminating the Kshatruja or Warrior Caste which had tried to assert its authority over the Brahminical.

To-day the country surrounding Brahmakund is inhabited by a number of wild tribes all speaking different languages and dialects. To the south live the Khampti tribes who are Bhuddists, to the east the Chinese, and to the north and west the various sub-tribes of the Mishmee and Arbor tribes whose religion is confined to the propitiation of demons whenever illness or misfortune visits them; they are polygamists.

The Digaroo Mishmee is the tribe which actually inhabits the country nearest to Brahmakund. The people of this tribe are small in stature, sturdy in physique, but varying much in feature. Although exhibiting some Mongolian characteristics, many have regular, almost Aryan, nostrils, larger than are usually seen in Indo-Chinese races.

With a light copper-coloured complexion the Digaroo Mishmee is extraordinarily dirty. The men's dress consists of a sack-like garment reaching from the neck to the bend of the knee, and made of one piece of cotton or yak haircloth doubled lengthwise and sewn together down one side with holes cut for the neck and arms. The garment which is worn open down the front forms the scantiest cover, whilst from a small piece of hide or cord tied round the waist an apron-like piece of cloth hangs down to the knee. Black and dark red are the two colours which predominate in their clothes. Over all the above they wear a sporran made of some bear, deer, or monkey skin which serves as a pocket for their flint and steel. The hair is worn long, and is twisted into a knot secured on the top of the head by a wooden or silver pin. Large discs of bamboo or silver are worn in the ears: these are let into the lobe of the ear which is split and greatly distended. They carry bows and arrows, and a small knife attached to a hide belt slung over the shoulder.

The women, who appear to do most of the hard work are extremely hardy, active, and of better physique. Their dress is scanty but picturesque. Their ornaments are many and peculiar. Round the head they wear a silver band in the shape of a coronet. In the rims of their ears they wear large rings of silver or brass, 2 or 3 in. in diameter, and in the lobes of their ears they wear large, stud-shaped pieces of silver, the size of a penny. Both men and women are inveterate smokers and are seldom seen without their characteristic pipes.

The Digaroo Mishmee is very shy, timid, and, at times, unfriendly. Feeding mainly on rice, herbs, and roots, they are yet excellent shikaris killing and eating all big game.

A great delicacy among them is a small, bronze coloured bug about the size of a finger-nail, entomologically known as *aspongopus nepalensis*, and indigenous to Sikhim, Assam, Nepal, and Burma. These bugs are found under stones in the dry river-beds. The Digaroo Mishmee calls the bug Poi-hoi, and before frying these beetles they exercise the greatest care in pinching off the head and legs together with a minute red bag which unless extricated is said to make the bug too hot to eat.

The smell of the bug is most obnoxious, and after eating these fried insects the whole body becomes impregnated by the smell.

Such is the story of a remote spot in a vast country whose political problems are engaging a world-wide interest.

LOOKING TO BURMA: A vista across the Lohita Brahmaputra

BUDDHAS of INDO - CHINA

A series of pictures taken during an expedition to the Indo-Chinese Hinterland by Prince and Princess Achille Murat, who trace descent from the famous Napoleonic Marshal who was King of Naples and brother-in-law of the First Consul

THE GONG OF LOVE: This, at the pagoda of Luang-Prabang, is struck to summon the community to the ceremony, in which any youth in love proposes *coram publico*

THE GIANT BUDDHAS OF VENTIANE: Princess Achille Murat stands before one of the gigantic images in the former capital of Laos, on the river Mekong. Laos is bounded on the south by Cambodia, on the east by Annam, on the north by Tongking, and on the west by Siam. The people are simple and honest, and their main interest is in love-affairs, declarations of affection being made in the presence of the tribe. Big game is abundant. The tribe of the Klas, a people whose morality is so strict that the husband of a wife discovered to be faithless commits suicide, while the guilty wife is buried alive. The great event in this district is the "Butterfly Ballet"—a concerted 'dance" executed solely by movements of the hands and wrists. *Inset above on left*—The Princess and Marquis de Gallifet are seen against the giant Buddha of Ventiane

AN AMERICAN SU

THE STATE BARGE OF THE SULTAN: Hadji Mohammed Jamalu'l-Kiram, the Sultan of Sulu, has signed several treaties recognizing American sovereignty and politically becoming a part of the Philippine Islands. Consequently, he has lost his power over the life and property of his people, the Moros, but he still remains their religious leader. As the domestic affairs of the Moros are subject to the laws of the Koran, the Sultan is the only judge and advisor in cases of this character. He has retained his privilege to extract fines from religious or domestic culprits, and he levies a tax on every marriage. His *Imans* are located all over the archipelago, and as they retain half of the fines or taxes, they are excellent collectors

THE ROYAL FAMILY: In spite of the early morning hours His Highness wore a dress suit with a black tie and a pleated shirt with three diamond studs. He wore a wrist-watch and held a jewelled cane in his right hand. He was not a tall man. His short-cropped, grey hair was hidden under a red fez and, contrary to the custom of most small potentates of the Orient, he did not wear too many jewels. A single diamond ring on his left hand was the only adornment I could discover; his rather firm and heavy jaws were clean-shaven. He had nervous hands, and the colour of his eyes was a peculiar shade of greenish-brown

Who would have thought that America owned a Sultan?

Still, he exists, has a palace or two, a harem and a bodyguard, and what is more interesting, he is probably the only living person to whom the United States pays tribute. A famous American coined once the phrase, "Millions for defence but not one cent for tribute." But the Sultan's case must have been the proverbial exception to the rule.

It was in 1898, as a direct result of the Spanish-American War, that the United States inherited the Sultan of Sulu and, incidentally, a lot of trouble. The Moros had always considered themselves a free people, ruled only by their sultans and the feudal *datus* (chiefs). The Spaniards never conquered the Moros, although for some time they occupied the town of Jolo, the Sultan's capital, but the rest of Sulu always remained unsubmissive and free.

Naturally the Moros resented the determined attitude and intrusion of the Americans, and during years of guerilla warfare many lives were lost on both sides. A strictly military provincial government followed a catch-and-kill-them policy, and for a time things looked pretty bad in Moroland. The city of Jolo is walled—the smallest walled city in the world—and until a few years ago the American soldiers were forbidden to move outside the gates unless they were fully armed and in groups of three.

Lately, however, the Filipino politicians in Manila decided to try out a "policy of attraction," and the results have been remarkable. The present governor of Sulu visits the *datus* in their "palatial" nipa houses, where he is forcibly fed with rose-flavoured tea and multi-coloured cakes. An unarmed white man can to-day criss-cross the country to his heart's desire without even being stared at.

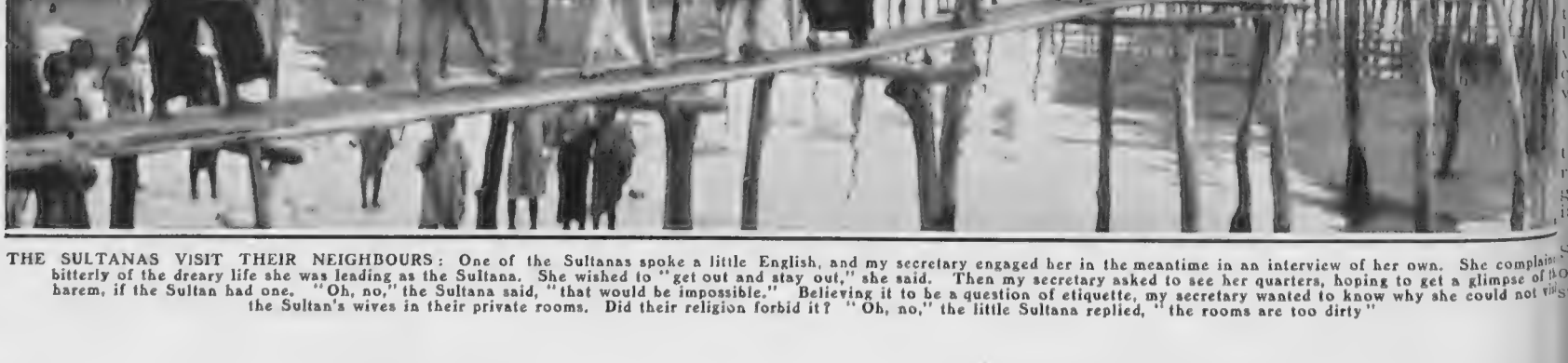
Lately the Moros have found an ally in the American Government on the vital question of independence for the Philippine Islands. The Americans have built roads, forced schools on the Moros, and exterminated epidemics. The Moros appreciate all this, but *they do not want the United States to grant the Philippine Islands the coveted independence.* This sounds like a very startling statement, but the Sultan told me the reasons why. It all came out in an exclusive interview which he granted me.

There is very little love lost between the Moros and the Filipinos. The Moros are Muhammadans, while the Filipinos are Christians. Independence would mean that the Moros would be ruled by the Filipinos, upon whom the Sultan and his people look as just another northern tribe—and a Christian tribe at that.

Islam, according to what is probably the most generally received tradition, was first firmly established in Sulu by Abu Bakr ash-Sharifu'l-Hashimi, a descendant of the Prophet; coming up from Johore about the middle of the fifteenth century, he married Princess Paramisuli, daughter of the native Raja Bagindan, and on the death of the latter became the first Sultan of Sulu. For some four or five centuries prior to this time, however, Arabic and Persian traders and sailors had been penetrating into the islands of the Eastern Archipelago, their adventures supplying the material for the stories of Sindbad the Sailor; and the tradition of noble Arabs marrying the daughters of native rulers, and founding sultanates, is widespread from Ceylon to Japan.

Mr. James R. Fugate, the governor of Sulu, arranged a meeting, and early one morning my secretary, an American friend, and I drove out in a car to the Sultan's palace at Maimbung, located about 15 kilometres south of Jolo city.

The country we passed through is a veritable garden. It is well cultivated; coconut plantations



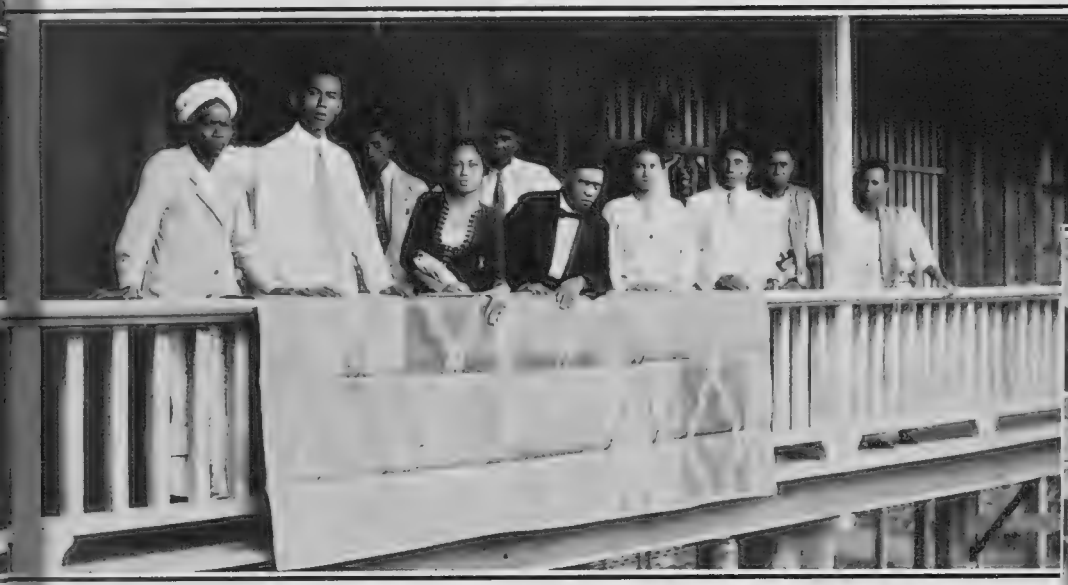
THE SULTANAS VISIT THEIR NEIGHBOURS: One of the Sultanas spoke a little English, and my secretary engaged her in the meantime in an interview of her own. She complained bitterly of the dreary life she was leading as the Sultana. She wished to "get out and stay out," she said. Then my secretary asked to see her quarters, hoping to get a glimpse of the harem, if the Sultan had one. "Oh, no," the Sultana said, "that would be impossible." Believing it to be a question of etiquette, my secretary wanted to know why she could not visit the Sultan's wives in their private rooms. Did their religion forbid it? "Oh, no," the little Sultana replied, "the rooms are too dirty"

LTAN:

Aleko E. LILIUS, "The Sphere's" Special Correspondent in the Far East, describes an Exclusive Interview with the Sultan of Sulu, the Head of America's Muslim Subjects

THE SULTAN'S COURT: The Sultan showed us the house, or rather shack, where he resides at present. The lower floor of this unpretentious-looking building is occupied by the Sultan's court, where all the domestic affairs of the Moros are attended to. Here also all the religious questions are settled, the Sultan being the highest religious authority among Moslems. This court is a good source of revenue for the Sultan, as he receives all the fines imposed by him upon the culprits who are dragged before it. He especially requested me to snap a picture of him with his two bodyguards flashing their wavy-edged krises in the court-room

THE LADY-IN-WAITING: The jacket of her costume is adorned with golden buttons—trace of the Muslim love of opulence—while her feet and legs are bare. "It took," says Mr. Lilius, "a little coaxing to make them sit before the camera"



BALCONY: A colourful assembly indeed, and garbed in its very best. It had arrived expectant and prepared to aphed and written up, and there was a lot of glimmering gold, flashy kris handles, colourful waistclothes, and evidence. The heir to the Sultanate, Datu Rajah Mudah Kiram, was first to be introduced by the very efficient aking secretary to the Sultan, and then about a hundred of the other princes and datus came and shook hands The picture would have been a splendid one of colour and flashing jewels had it not been marred by ugly black mouths, filed teeth, and horribly red lips caused by incessant betel-nut chewing

ON GUARD: There was a bare-foot sentry in skin-tight trousers, armed with kris and rifle, standing at the gate of the palace. Here the Sultan and his two wives reside. Somehow, this barn-like building seemed entirely out of place in this surrounding. When we drove nearer, we could clearly see that the huge wooden house, built upon wooden piling after the universal architectural style of Malaysia, was dilapidated, and in a few years would be consumed by white ants or the elements of Nature. It was unpainted. I was told that the Sultan was building another "princely" abode at Tip Tipon. It was almost ready to receive him, and already the American-educated Princess Tarhata Kiram was actually living there

hemp groves, and rice fields stretch away on both sides of the road, and occasionally one meets heavily-loaded, slow-moving carts drawn by water buffaloes on the way to Jolo. Sometimes the throbbing of *ah-gongs* could be heard from the villages we passed, or the noisy clink-clank of the *kulantangans* (sets of attuned brass gongs).

And finally, in a valley surrounded by green hills and large trees, we sighted the grey structure of Darol Jambangan, Palace of the Garden, where the Sultan and his two wives reside. The balconies of the palace were crowded with curiously dressed natives who chewed betel-nut and stared at us.

A young man, who introduced himself as Datu Ismail Kiram, eldest son of the heir to the Sultanate, welcomed us at the gate and led the way. We climbed the steep stairs to the second floor, which consisted of a single audience hall. The only furniture was a table, a dozen chairs, and a ticking wall clock—an hour and a half ahead of time. Not a picture or a carpet decorated the room. The windows and doors were all wide open and without glass or shutters. To the right was another stairway leading to the upper floor, and at the foot of these stairs hovered the figure of a huge Moro wearing conventional western clothing and a fez, and decorated with a cartridge belt and a huge pistol which dangled from his hip.

The room was full of Moro dignitaries.

Then the Sultan appeared. He came down the stairs with short, jerky steps, followed by two retainers, ministers, or perhaps just plain bodyguards; they were all so splendidly dressed that it was impossible to differentiate ranks.

The whole assembly stood at attention. The Sultan came up to me, and we exchanged a lot of Oriental greetings which neither of us understood. Then the Sultan motioned us to sit down, and seating himself at the end of the table he welcomed me with a few words which the secretary immediately translated. In response to his greeting I told the Sultan that I had been greatly surprised to find his country a veritable Eden and his people peaceful and orderly, for I had been told by officials in Manila that I could not go about unarmed, and that most likely my head would be chopped off. The Sultan seemed very much amused.

Then I began my interview. I asked the Sultan's permission to question him on several rather delicate subjects, including the possible independence of the Philippines.

The secretary translated his reply, "The Sultan asks you to put to him any question you may desire, and the Sultan also permits you to quote him without restraint."

This was rather promising. So I went ahead.

"I do not favour independence in the Philippine Islands," he began. "We need every one of the blessings that American education and administration have brought our people. After thirty years under the American flag we are just beginning to realize what that privilege means. I do not want to see your flag taken down in Sulu."

"Still you would accept the independence as such, should this gift be granted the Philippine Islands by the American people?"

"Independence!" he frowned. "Independence from what? The granting of independence to the Philippine Islands would not mean independence to Sulu. We will never submit to another Philippine tribe, especially to Christian tribes, and our refusal would mean strife and bloodshed."

"How many men would Your Highness be able to gather together in case such an unhappy situation should arise?"

He gave me a hard look. I had to admit to

(*Continued on p. 40*)

TRANSPORT

Ancient and Modern

THE LESSON: Miss Peggy Sataman, one of last year's most attractive debutantes, receives a lesson from her instructor at Hanworth. She was given her 'plane—a Puss Moth—by her mother, Mrs. Elkin Salaman, who is looking on, as a birthday present

A FUEL REDUCER: Herr Hellmut Hirth, a distinguished aeronaut, with the new 'plane engine he has designed. This is calculated to use from 10 per cent. to 15 per cent. less fuel than the ordinary type and also economises on oil

TO THE LIDO BY MOTOR CAR: One may travel to this famous resort without alighting from one's motor car, at a special motor-boat ferry, capable of transporting an automobile, runs to the Adriatic Island from Mestre

LONDON'S MOTOR COACH STATION: The gigantic building at King's Cross approaches completion. The stupendous advance this form of transport has made in the past few years can be gauged from the size this building has, of necessity, been made. Despite the popularity of the char-à-banc as a means of transport, however, other users of the road—both automobilists and pedestrians find them, especially in narrow roads, a blight

A TIGHT SQUEEZE: The picturesque narrow lanes of the country are not fitted to the needs of modern traffic, and the prevalence of chars-à-banc renders life hideous for motorists and for carts alike. Such situations as these provide almost inextricable difficulties—as many holding makers have found

IN A CLASS BY ITSELF

C.F.H.1005

In clear golden sparkle and lively character Schweppes Ginger Ale is a veritable non-alcoholic champagne.

BIOGRAHPY and AUTOBIOGRAPHY

Einstein's Life and Gerhardi's Self-Told History

Reviewed by CECIL ROBERTS

The whole world knows the name Einstein, the whole world babbles lightly of Relativity. There was one man in England who was credited with knowing what Relativity really meant. And he died. He was Lord Haldane. For the British he set the seal on Einstein's fame when, introducing him to a London audience that was still a little uncertain as to whether it ought to patriotically hiss or politely cheer, and therefore remained silent, he said: "You see here before you the Newton of the Twentieth Century, a man who has called forth a greater revolution of thought than even Copernicus, Galileo, or Newton himself." Since no one felt capable of contradicting Lord Haldane, and London loves a hero, the audience remained to cheer, and the universities rushed to confer honorary degrees on the Berlin Professor.

The audience need not have been so uneasy. Albert Einstein on his passport is not a German, he is a Swiss. That fact should have comforted the stern patriots who aided victory through those four years by keeping shut the lid of the Bechstein and closing their ears to Beethoven. His Swiss nationality is a fact, however, that Einstein would never have mentioned on his own behalf. Born a German, he has lived long in Berlin, which has supported him and honoured him for many years. His face is as well known to the Germans as is that of Shaw to the English. He has become, rather to his dismay, one of the household gods and public sights. I remember one morning while standing in the lobby of a Berlin hotel, there was a sudden rush of the clients to the swing doors. Inquiries of the page-boy elicited the information that Herr Doctor Einstein was walking down the street. All the hotel had gone out to look at Relativity in the flesh. It is difficult to understand why, because of something that no one understands, a little professor from Zurich should suddenly be capable of stopping the traffic in Unter den Linden, why schoolgirls in Tokio should stand in line for his autograph. It may be that in an age which claims to know everything someone who knows just a little about one thing is a singular figure. The writer of this informative book, *Albert Einstein*, by Anton Reiser (Butterworth. 8s. 6d.), sees in his subject not only a great scientist but a great personality. Certainly Einstein's public utterances confirm the opinion. The foreword which he writes to this book about himself reveals the charm and humility of the man. "What perhaps has been overlooked," he writes, "is the irrational, the inconsistent, the droll, even the insane, which nature, inexhaustibly operative, implants in an individual, seemingly for her own amusement. But these things are singled out only in the crucible of one's own mind."

There is nothing depressing in this story of Einstein's march to fame. The struggle was never severe. His parents were poor, of good German Jewish stock. He attended the Luitpold Gymnasium at Munich, and in his teens lived for some time in Milan, whither his parents had migrated. There followed some years in Zurich, during which the young student of great promise took out his Swiss citizenship papers. Tutoring and teaching followed, with a slow aggregation of recognition. Marriage, then, with a Serbian fellow student. At Berne the young father was often seen wheeling the perambulator. Finally there was the invitation to go to Berlin in an academic capacity that involved little teaching and left him free to pursue his studies of the four-dimensional continuum in the time-space. Belief in the absolute character of time and space was the fixed religion of all physicists and philosophers until 1905, when Einstein's theory began to undermine it. He steadily pursued his theory right through the dreadful war years. The greater the external disorder the deeper the tranquillity of his organized thought. He refused to be drawn into that "Not Guilty" declaration of ninety-two German scholars and artists. He was not concerned with the responsibility for the War but only with a means out of it. For the time being there was nothing to do but shut himself up in his study until the world regained sanity.

Herr Reiser in his book draws a terrifying picture of the penalty of fame. The world has made Einstein its confessor. Every crank with an impossible invention or a wild theory approaches him. The Berlin City Council made itself ludicrous by attempting three times to present him with villas it did not possess until, to save its face, he had to purchase one almost beyond his means. But out of this pathetic idolatry the author draws a comforting conclusion. "The present generation, which threatens to sink more and more into coarse materialism, has bestowed the palm of fame upon a man whose labour has been pure reason and whose life has been a matter of quiet and modesty. It seems that even in a period of technique and mechanization, intellectual superiority and intellectual creation are the highest of all values."

This book presents a straightforward appreciation of the great scientist and his career with a not unfathomable definition of the meaning and significance of Relativity.

At the age of thirty-five Mr. William Gerhardi has written an autobiography, *Memoirs of a Polyglot* (Duckworth. 18s.). Having, at the same age, committed a similar indiscretion, I have read his book with a sympathetic mind, but my interest has been repeatedly broken by a lack of restraint and order in this discursive history of his rise to—to what? Undoubtedly Mr. Gerhardi is convinced that he is a famous young man. He is so obsessed with the importance of *Futility*, his first novel, that a reference is dragged in on every other page, with wearisome reiteration—"I thoroughly enjoyed that part of her talk which dealt with her father, Lord Oxford's, enjoyment of my *Futility*." Sentences like this abound, suggesting an *idée fixe*, and a complete incapacity to regard the book as a promising first novel, and nothing more. In other matters Mr. Gerhardi preserves a sense of humour, as in the derivation of his own name, and in Lord Beaverbrook's failure to turn him into a best-seller. There are regrettable lapses of taste. Mr. Gerhardi thinks the world is interested in his sordid amours. Even if these are considered essential to the development of an artist, an artist does not write about them, and the hilarity he displays in the disposal of his father's body made me thoroughly uncomfortable. There are good passages in the book, but much of it is quite irrelevant, and Mr. Gerhardi has failed to make use of the vivid material of his unusual life, both as a boy in Russia and as a high-spirited adventurer in life. The book is spiced with impertinence which is rarely ill-natured, but he is too ready to give his opinion of his betters with a patronage that reveals immaturity of judgment. "Conrad was cheap wood, poor in grain, but with an expensive varnish." This is the kind of chatter to be heard in any Junior Common Room from a contributor to an anæmic undergraduate review. No wonder H. G. Wells looked baffled when he heard it. Mr. Gerhardi has certainly found life a gay and singular adventure. He has lived it with a courage and zest that excuses his conceit and explains his attraction. I wish that the Russian chapters had been longer. He appears to have emerged as a soldier from the War, after excursions to Russia and to Serbia, with an O.B.E., the Czecho-Slovak *Croix de Guerre*, the Stanislav Order of Russia, mention in dispatches, and recommendation for a G.S.O.3, without having heard a shot fired, a piece of good fortune no one will grudge him, nor the thousand pounds bonus and salary which he wisely invested in taking his degree at Oxford.

Parts of this book are so good that in half the length Mr. Gerhardi could have told a story twice as impressive. Its present lack of form detracts from much that is interesting. There is a vivid portrait of Lord Beaverbrook, in the rôle of a generous patron, a grand excursion through the literary firmament, in which no star fails to coruscate in sympathy with Mr. Gerhardi's brilliance, and at the end a superabundance of energy—"at the present moment I am engaged on three novels and collaborating in a play, as well as on an extensive historical work." It would seem, then, that Mr. Gerhardi is only at the beginning. Something of the boy and the poet still survive. The evidence of it condones the bad taste and keeps him companionable in his exuberance with himself and with life.

If you are interested in Baroque art you will like Mr. Sacheverell Sitwell's additional study, *Spanish Baroque Art* (Duckworth. 12s. 6d.). Personally I loathe the Baroque in any form and anywhere, and will readily walk a mile to avoid its gingerbread vulgarity. But for those who like that sort of thing, that is the sort of thing they like, as the Greek wit observed. Mr. Sacheverell Sitwell's keenly observant eye has missed little. He follows the Spanish influence, largely through its Jesuit Missions, as far afield as Mexico, South America, Paraguay, Abyssinia, and Pekin. In the course of his investigations he provides some extremely interesting sidelights on history. Why have we not heard more of the amazing King of Portugal who flourished between 1706–1750? "By no standards whatever can João V be called a great king, and yet, as a spectacle, there has been nothing like it. There has seldom been a human being with so much money to spend, or one so free of all restraints. There is nothing, even in the history of the Romanovs, to compare with it." He had 45,000 men working on his palace at Mafra, whose 290,000 sq. ft. contrast impressively with the 300,000 sq. ft. of the Escurial. When he ordered clocks, chimes, and bells from Holland, the manufacturers refused to supply them, fearing that the kingdom of Portugal could not pay for them. With a grand gesture the king doubled the order and prepaid it. Part of the fascination of this book, particularly to those who do not share its author's enthusiasm for Baroque, lies in its downright opinions. Lord Elgin receives a trouncing for his destruction of the Summer Palace of the Chinese emperors near Pekin. The French spared the palace, Lord Elgin ordered it to be looted and set on fire. "The name of the person who gave the order for this act of vandalism is the same as that of the spoliator of the Parthenon. Perhaps he may have been present, in the spirit, at Delhi, after the Indian Mutiny, when the English turned the Moghul Palace, perhaps the most magnificent palace that has ever been erected, into a cavalry barracks." And thanks are due to Mr. Sitwell for calling attention to Ecija, "the hottest town in Europe," which neither the heat nor its Baroque art will deter me from visiting when next in the vicinity of Seville.

We now come to what is surely the last of the War memoirs—*My Experiences in the World War*, by General Pershing (Hodder and Stoughton. 31s. 6d.). It is the story of his command of the American Army from the moment that he was selected by President Wilson until his labours ended with the Armistice. This is an immense book, 700 pp. of close print, highly documented and carefully written. The General states that he has written it as a duty in the service of his country. I am not disparaging his task when I candidly admit that reading it will be a duty. As an achievement it reflects the highest credit on the General. Here is a sober, modest, straightforward record, neglectful of no phase and no important fact. It is a model account in comparison with many of its companion memoirs, and the service that America rendered, the difficulties encountered and overcome could not have been better narrated. In spirit it is generous yet scrupulously fair. It contains no revelations, no surprises, it scorns dramatic moments or fine rhetoric. It will surely rank high as a book of reference for all desirous of knowing the facts of America's military contribution to the Allied victory.

A charge has been made by some reviewers that this narrative seeks to minimise the achievement of the French and the British and to enlarge the contribution of the American Army to the final victory. It is natural for every commander to believe that he occupies the crucial post. He would not be an effective commander if he felt otherwise, but I do not find in this account anything flagrantly unfair to his colleagues. Pershing's strong opposition to merging the American forces into those of the French and British was a natural one, and events proved him to be correct.

If the General seems to exaggerate the exhaustion of the French and British Armies, he was deliberately given the gloomiest picture by those who sought to detach his forces. It seems unfair, therefore, to attack him for believing that the Americans saved the situation. And nowhere does he imply that to them victory wholly belonged. The one sentence to which strong exception might be taken does not seem unreasonable as an expression of *personal* opinion —"Our troops, without which the Allied defeat would have been inevitable, had been pouring into France at a rate hitherto unbelievable." I have heard Italians declare, with unshakable conviction, that they won the War, and in proof have quoted the fact that Austria withdrew before Germany. National pride is seldom sensitive to the fine shades of truth.

Recommended List:

The Indian Mutiny in Perspective, *by Lieut-General Sir George MacMunn* **(Bell. 15s. net).**—The author who has studied closely the features of the Mutiny on the spot brings a trained soldier's mind to bear on this dramatic landmark in Indian history. This very readable narrative stresses new aspects of the story, and forgotten heroes are shown in a vivid light. It is a great epic which should not be allowed to fade, and Sir George MacMunn's book succinctly encompasses the whole tragic story.

Phryne, *by Maurice Dekobra* **(Laurie. 7s. 6d. net).**—This is our Silliest Book of the Month Club selection. M. Dekobra has written and sold more rubbish than any other living author—which should make us curious about its quality. Of Brazilian lips we are told "the kiss is progressive with a pressure at 45 degrees on the nasal axis of the face of the partner."

Slaves, *by Frank Pollard* **(Grant Richards. 7s. 6d. net).**—A story based on the West African slave traffic, a source of the prosperity of Liverpool and Bristol. Full of horror, but vividly told with uncompromising realism.

Wet Afternoon, *by Geoffrey Moss* **(Hutchinson. 7s. 6d. net).**—A selection of short stories with some skill and much sex. One is appropriately set in Amouring-on-Sea.

Swimming For All, *by R. C. Venner* **(Bell. 3s. 6d. net).**—A topical book to dive in.

Pavlova, *by Walford Hyden* **(Constable. 8s. 6d. net).**—A brief history of the ballerina's rise to fame, with anecdotes of her life, and many delightful illustrations, authoritatively told by her musical director.

Road TUNNELS

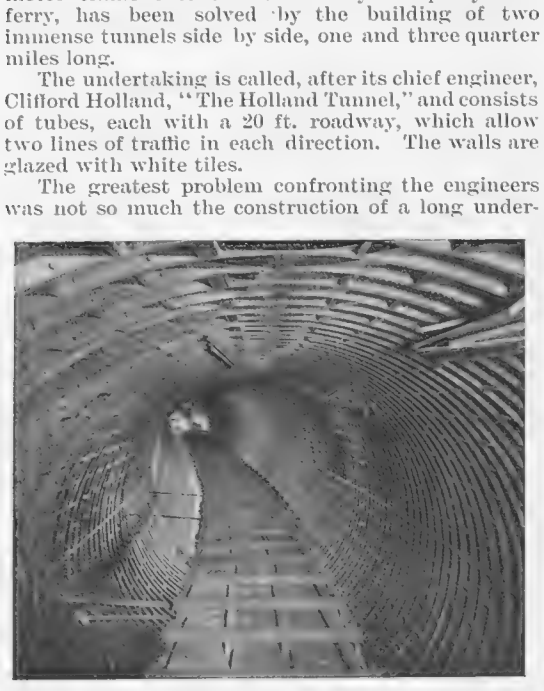
Underground Traffic Relief

By LEONARD HENSLOWE

Within a year of each other, two great road tunnels are being completed, in America and England. In New York the difficulty of getting motor traffic over to New Jersey except by slow ferry, has been solved by the building of two immense tunnels side by side, one and three quarter miles long.

The undertaking is called, after its chief engineer, Clifford Holland, "The Holland Tunnel," and consists of tubes, each with a 20 ft. roadway, which allow two lines of traffic in each direction. The walls are glazed with white tiles.

The greatest problem confronting the engineers was not so much the construction of a long under-



THE MERSEY TUNNEL: This has an internal diameter of 44 ft. The wooden footway is suspended from the roof

water road tunnel as its adequate ventilation for motor traffic. The projected Channel tunnel between Dover and Calais, 22 miles long, presented no ventilation difficulty because the traction was to be entirely electric, whereas with motor traffic, the deadly poison, carbon monoxide, is belched out from every vehicle and has to be got rid of adequately if the tunnel is to be safe for human beings.

The engineers therefore planned to have eighty-four immense fans, forty-two inlet and forty-two outlet, which would set up such a continuous draught that all fumes would be cleared as emitted and the air be as clean as on the surface.

As a test, fumes of a smoke bomb were cleared entirely in less than two minutes, and at all times the superintendents can test the air of the tunnels for purity, and increase the draught if necessary.

The Holland Tunnel cost £10,000,000 to build and took seven years before it was ready for traffic. It handles 25,00 motor vehicles a day and no horse traffic or pedestrians are allowed to use it, All vehicles must travel at from thirty to thirty-five miles an hour, must keep in line, must not have breakdowns, change tyres, blow horns, switch on headlights, or run out of petrol. No smoking is allowed and no explosives, hay, or straw may be carried. Breakdown lorries are stationed at each end in case of need and from the control board it can be seen whether there is any congestion or hold-up.

There is no side walk but a raised platform extends the length of the tunnels on which are stationed traffic "cops," within sight of each other, to maintain regulations.

The Holland Tunnel has now been running with perfect success for some months and has solved the traffic problem between New York and New Jersey. Horse traffic must still go the old way by ferry, but as there are very few horses left in New York this doesn't count for much.

In England a similar project to the Holland Tunnel has been under construction for some years beneath the Mersey, connecting Liverpool with Birkenhead. While on principle it is similar to the former, it differs in so far as it is much longer, three miles from end to end, and consists of one big circular iron tube of 44 feet diameter with a roadway of 36 feet built 1½ feet below the middle of the circle.

It will accommodate pedestrians and horse traffic as well as motors, the horsed vehicles keeping their own line at twelve miles an hour and the motor traffic the inner line at thirty miles an hour.

The tunnel is estimated to have a capacity of 3,000 vehicles an hour, whilst the Holland Tunnel is only accommodating 2,500. But the latter is actual and the former only computed.

The Mersey Tunnel again, is estimated to cost £5,000,000, as against the Holland Tunnel's £10,000,000. Perhaps, when it is finished, in about nine months' time, the cost may be found to approximate that of the other. There will be two entrances in Liverpool and two in Birkenhead, and at the deepest part, the main tunnel will be 170 feet below high water mark.

Votive OFFERINGS

Given for Escapes from the Sea

By MURIEL CIOLKOWSKA

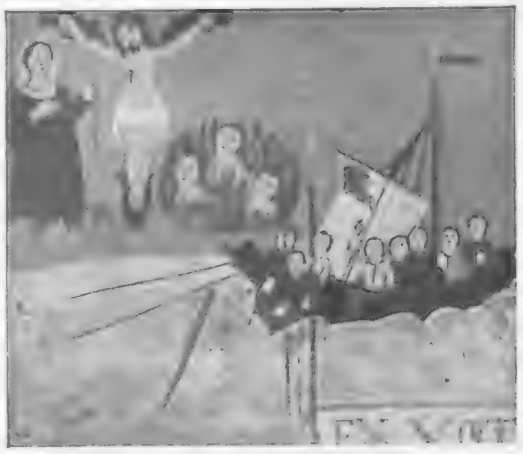
An exhibition of pictures and sculpture devoted to subjects relating to the sea and sea-faring, held recently in Rome, included a curious side-show. It consisted in a collection of paintings and carvings which had been presented as ex-votos for preservation from drowning. Most of these had been presented by sailors and fishermen, and were their workmanship. Some were very old, a few beautiful, all touching.

Any tourist familiar with the churches of Latin countries remembers seeing little wax models of limbs and metal hearts hung near altars, and in chapels and shrines, accompanied by inscriptions of gratitude for answers to prayers. A large trade in this kind of article is done near the churches of old Naples, at Montmartre in Paris, and at places of pilgrimage like Lourdes.

There is no doubt that the custom is the Christian form of the old pagan sacrifice, and the more certainly so since at the origin of the Roman Catholic Church, the priests forbade the presentation by sufferers of diseases and accidents who hoped to obtain cures, of models of physical organs as a heathen practice not becoming Christians, but they were obliged to sanction the offering of tokens of thanksgiving, and this has survived to 1931.

"IN PERIL ON THE SEA": An ex-voto offered as a thanksgiving. The Virgin (in corner) is pictured as the miracle's agent

Pilgrims have been known to wear ex-votos or tablets with inscriptions describing the nature of the grace which has been granted their prayers. Sometimes the ex-voto is carried on trays or in baskets amid flowers or fragrant herbs. Even offerings of food, florally-decorated animals, loaves and cakes assuming human shapes have been seen among these expressions of pious gratitude. As far as possible the donations in food should be the same weight as the donor. Saint Benedict, for instance, who, in Italy, is the patron of sufferers from rupture,



IN GRATITUDE FOR LIFE: A sailor's ex-voto from Chioggia. The Crucified is here pictured as the intervenor

expects a sack of corn of the weight of the patient!

Thanksgiving for the recovery of a sick child is expressed in certain districts of Europe by a small coffin hung before the altar of the Madonna. In others, by a wax candle weighing the weight of the child. The recovery of her betrothed from sickness or accident is (or was!) celebrated by an offering from the young bride of her hair. The little metal hearts which are most commonly seen in chapels to the Holy Virgin and which are sold along with rosaries and prayer-books in all Roman Catholic countries are tokens of love for the Mother of Jesus.

Escape from accidents is commemorated by pictorial representations of the adventure. In all these pictures is the figure of the patron saint who is credited with miraculous intervention.

Train TELEPHON

A Two-way Mobile Servi

By THOMAS WAYLING

Roaring across the province of Ontario at an hour the Canadian National Railways train, the *Maple Leaf*, recently inaugurated a modern service; telephonic communication passengers with half the world while the in full flight. The train already gives its pa private rooms, dining-saloons, radio servi other modern train conveniences. The tele the last word in convenience.

Consider the situation. The passengers a ting together watching the sun glitter on the of the Saint Lawrence as the train speeds Montreal to Toronto. Suddenly appears a page in buttons; "Call for Mr. Blank, call Blank," he cries.

Mr. Blank, surprised, rises and follows Mercury. He is led to a telephone-box, h telephone, and his astonishment is unbounde he hears the voice of his partner back at he in Montreal. "I forgot to tell you, Blank," partner, "You can promise delivery of tho by the sixteenth."

The train has not stopped at a station; eating up the long miles, but, by a wonderful ation of telephone and radio, Mr. Blank's carried to the antenna on the roof of the darts off into space to the telegraph wires beside the track, shoots down the wires to t est pick-up station, and is then transferre ordinary trunk lines of the telephone compan

The train telephone is the development of thirty-one-year-old genius, J. C. Burkholde engineer of the Canadian National Telegra single-way telephone transmission with a train had previously been worked out by Bur but the two-way transmission was the culmi long experiment.

Years ago there was a boy who used to repairing electric bells. He left his card wh "When your bell gets out of order, call the Kid." On the other side, the card became ately useful with the legend, "Bell out please knock." He was fifteen years old from experimenting with other people's elec to the completion of a successful two-way system on a swift all-steel crack express trai cry. He has crowded more experiments into life than the average inventor does into a lif

Working for various telegraph and companies young Burkholder developed n patents. These are in his name, but he on dollar each for them, as they were perfecte shops of the companies he worked for. He on the Canadian National in 1926–7 in co with its carrier current system, and joined as chief engineer of telegraphs in 1928.

The intention of the train telephone s cording to Sir Henry Thornton, is to remove the to communication with passengers on moving to provide business men and others with me stant communication by long distance, and te telephone communication with their office a while travelling on the Canadian National.

The service is made possible by the broadcast from the train to the carrier telegraph wires, which parallel the rail and vice versa. From these wires it is pick up stations and thence transferred to Telephone Central Office at Kingston, Ont it is place on regular long distance (trunk The pick-up stations are located at Morris Cobourg, Ontario.

The cost of this telephone is merely the charge for a trunk line call to the point connection is made with the train, plus 50 for the train connection. There are no oth in the world so equipped, although the Ger Railways have a one-way circuit in operati

TELEPHONING FROM A MOVING TRAIN": Burkholder apparatus on the Canadian in operation

Tara's HARP

om Moore's Harp Rediscovered

By MARGARET M. HALVEY

'om Moore is a happy man truly, who numbers among his biographers and critics a Hall, a ambers, and a Griffin; among his eulogists, ther Tom Burke; and among translators, Archshop MacHale, who set the glorious gems of the et's fancy in the quaint Celtic framing, more ique and more laborious than the Persian one vied of Byron. Only in his American experiences n this favoured child of literature be considered at unhappy, and then, as he himself admits, the lt was so entirely his own, that Fortune and terature and much maligned America must be ld forever blameless.

The fault is an "old story" of course, which as st seen in print runs thus: "Thomas Moore in 03 made a tour of portions of the United States d Canada on his way home from Bermuda, and rote flippant and impertinent verses (published in 06) on this country as he found it in his cursory sit. But," adds this latest critic, "Moore lived to ow better, and some years later he characterized s own criticisms as the fruit of his immature youth, d made ample apology for his early lack of justice our regard."

The same writer tells us that when Charles ckens endeavoured to make amends for the simi- offence of "ill-formed, ill-natured opinions," he s more than forgiven by the great heart of nerica on account of its delight in his immortal aracters!

Moore's harp is by far the most famous of his ics, as it would naturally be of him whose name d fame are wedded indissolubly with the song of land it symbolizes. "This harp he, more than re, brought with him to an 'evening' at our use," wrote Mr. Hall, "and touched the strings ile he sang to us and our guests one of his lodies. It was a gift from his friends at Limerick en they sought to send him to Parliament as their presentative."

It is a small instrument, with fifteen strings, nding little more than a foot in height on an ny base. It is painted a light green, and prettily corated with a running shamrock vine in gold. e tones are deliciously sweet and mellow, and the me of the maker, whose masterpiece it evidently s, is engraved on a brass plate fixed to the keyard, "J. Egan, 30, Dawson Street, Dublin." In r own day fair fingers have swept its strings, and sweet charity's sake the harp of the master has noed again his undying strains.

Tradition has it that Moore played on this ntical harp when the guest of Joseph Hopkinson, l adds that one of Mr. Hopkinson's Irish "helps" ame so much overcome on hearing his rendition the music of her native land, that she fell into sterics. Accepting Mr. Hall's version of the sentation of the harp, which is undoubtedly rect, this could not have been the same instrunt—the date of the Limerick candidacy being 32. It is natural enough to assume, however, at Moore, of whom we read in his university days an "accomplished pianoforte player," was accompanied in his tour by some such medium of sweet unds.

His intimacy with the Hopkinson family is erred to in his letters, and the Irish girl but tered the example of her mistress in enthusiasm not in method). A note appended to the Schuyl- poem, when it first appeared in the *Portfolio*, ormed the public that the lines referring to "eyes t softened and wept at his song," were in allusion the circumstances that when their author "sang song in a certain company" a lady wept. This y was Mrs. Joseph Hopkinson, whom Moore scribes as "a charming little woman" extremely erested in his songs.

"THE HARP THAT ONCE . . .": Thomas Moore's harp—"the wild harp slung behind him"—discovered in Philadelphia

Holed STONES

A Relic of Antiquity

By OTTO E. SCHWELLNUS

No greater enigma is presented by the handicrafts of prehistoric man than that surrounding the origin and purpose of the round pierced stones which are popularly attributed to the Bushmen. These unspeaking messengers of the dim dawn of human civilization are called "Bushmen stones" practically throughout the world for no other reason than that Europeans have seen them in actual use of Bushmen in South Africa as weights for digging sticks. So it is rather hastily inferred that these stones were made by Bushmen, and for no other purpose than to weight their digging sticks. Actually they have constituted a profound mystery.

A few authorities on the Bushmen—Miss Bleek among others—accept the digging stick theory, but lately there has been a tendency to deny that the original purpose of the stones was digging and to reject the assumption that they were made by Bushmen at all. Much excitement was caused among those interested when it became known that a resident of Pretoria had evolved a theory which seemed to satisfy every requirement.

The propounder is the Rev. P. E. Schwellnus of the Berlin Mission Society.

He concentrated on a need of supreme importance among primitive races—the making of fire.

HOLED RINGS IN SOAPSTONE: Two examples of the pierced steatite, the purpose of which has been for centuries an antique mystery

Mr. Schwellnus knew that many tribes were acquainted with the principle of the spinning-wheel, which they employ in several toys and implements. Above all Mr. Schwellnus bore in mind the method of making fire known to the primitive world—by rapidly rotating a pointed stick of hard wood in an orifice made in another stick of soft wood with an inflammable pith.

These mechanical and physical principles were applied to the Bushman stone. He inserted a stick of hard wood in one of these stones—an average one,

THE FUNCTION OF THE HOLED STONE: The purpose of this mysterious device is believed to have been the production of fire

about 15 lb. in weight. The shorter end of the stick was slightly sharpened and placed in a slight dent made in a piece of dry wood fixed horizontally. A piece of cord was fixed and wound round the upper portion of the axial stick. By quickly pulling the string a rapid rotation (first in one direction and then as the string rewound on the stick in the other) could be imparted to the apparatus.

The result was astonishing. Within four or five seconds smoke was seen to issue from the point of contact, and in perhaps twice that length of time—say, 10 seconds—the intensely hard wood which happened to be used in this first experiment, was actually smouldering and left a charred surface when the stick was removed.

Jovian BOLTS

The Mystery of Lightning

By LEONARD V. DODDS

Though the storm season is approaching and the heralds have already caused havoc and distress, thunderstorms in Britain are comparatively few, and though the skies are often illumined by marvellous flashes of lightning, the intensity of the discharge is much less than in many other parts of the world.

Data collected by the British Meteorological Office show that at any one time about 1,800 thunderstorms are in progress in different parts of the world, and that the average frequency of lightning-flashes during a storm is about 200 every hour. Simple calculation shows that this gives the amazing figure of 100 flashes every second as representative of the average frequency of lightning discharges for

FORKED LIGHTNING: This, contrary to popular belief, is the same thing as sheet lightning, only it is naked and not obscured by cloud

the whole earth. Estimates have been made to deduce the amount of electricity transferred when a lightning flash takes place and it has been shown that an average flash may discharge about twenty coulombs through a length of two kilometres. For comparison it is interesting to note that a discharge of two million volts is needed to make an artificial flash in the laboratory. This, of course, is infinitely less than the natural phenomenon.

There are three types of lightning discharges; from cloud to cloud which are the most frequent, from cloud to earth which do storm damage, and from earth to cloud which are much more rare and most dangerous of all. Usually negative electricity is discharged from cloud to cloud, but it is a positive charge which has its root in the earth, and the intensity of the destructive force depends on the nature of the disturbance.

The generally-accepted theory concerning the origin of lightning is that in certain electrical conditions, a cloud becomes charged by the coalescence of drops of water. The superficial area of a large drop is less than the total area of its constituent drops, hence its electrical potential rises. The multiplication of this action on all the myriad drops forming a cloud raises the electrical potential of the cloud as a whole, and so causes it to rise. When the cloud passes near another stratum of cloud, or a projection on the surface of the earth, such as a mountain range or, in exceptional cases, a very tall building, a discharge of lightning occurs.

When the actual path of the discharge can be seen it is "forked" lightning, at other times the violent streak of light is screened from the earth by clouds which are illuminated by the flash. That is "sheet" lightning, and explains a point which has perplexed some people unversed in meteorological mysteries, why both forked and sheet lightning can often be seen at the same time. There is no difference at all in the form of the discharge, only that one is visible in all its weird, almost unholy glory, while the other is shielded.

Rain and certain lightning conductors discharge the electricity quietly to earth, which also explains why lightning frequently ceases on the fall of rain.

Rocket lighting and ball lightning are two special forms of discharges which are believed to achieve their effect by a sort of burrowing action.

When the flash grows slowly, slowly of course in comparison to its customary tremendous speed, rocket lighting is seen as a progressive burrowing effect which is most uncanny. Ball lightning, or balls of fire which caused so much terror in former days is a slower flash still. These balls of fire seem to hang in the sky like a wondrous fiery lamp.

Yet another variation is St. Elmo's fire, which is simply a brush discharge from projecting objects. Sailors recount tales of how this fire has illumined the masts and spars of a gallant clipper scudding before the storm, until the whole ship seemed afire in the unholy blaze. To-day, the apparition is not sufficiently noteworthy to recount in the ship's log.

"THE PLAY'S THE THING"

A Review of the Latest Productions Criminal, Bibilical, Musical, and Reportorial, of One Week on the London Stage

BY PHILIP PAGE

THE INIMITABLE: Miss Mary Brough, one of the greatest draws of the "Alduych Players," as a very cheery theatrical landlady in the latest venture, Turkey Time, *by the now inevitable Ben Travers*

"Inquest"

For some reason impossible to fathom (of course there is no reason but just an unfortunate chance) a brand new theatre almost invariably opens with a bad new play. Look round at most of London's new theatres and you will find that they have made their bow with a failure; some have not yet recovered from the unfortunate experience and most of them will possibly take years before they settle down to a success. Perhaps there is something in freshly-laid bricks and wet paint which hypnotises an impresario into choosing a piece a normal mind would at once reject as unsuited to any taste and highly unlikely to cause a nice fresh box-office to work overtime. Perhaps it is considered that the sight of the new building is in itself entertainment enough and that the play in such circumstances does not in the least matter. But *Inquest* at the Windmill Theatre *does* matter, and that it should be interesting intrinsically in novel surroundings is, in itself, a sufficient novelty.

The theatre itself, is also novel, not because it is new and small, but because it is accessible—a stone's throw from Piccadilly Circus—and unpretentious. A visit to the Windmill does not involve a journey to a distant suburb, a smell of coffee, a flavour of Russia, and a programme bristling with ideals. It is an honest-to-goodness little theatre; and *Inquest*, by Michael Barringer, is an honest-to-goodness play. It does not pretend to be anything but a crime-drama, but, for once in a way, crime, which I have always looked upon as being, if anything, rather more dull on the stage than it is in the newspapers, is made interesting. For the first time I obey with alacrity the managerial request not to reveal the "surprise," not only because a well-spent evening in any theatre, new or old, is sufficiently rare to deserve some tangible form of gratitude, but because I have for the moment completely forgotten what that surprise was.

Inquest is uncannily exact, but this, for once in a way, does not alter its dramatic value. The audience are made to feel that they are present at the inquest on one Thomas Hamilton, exhumed a year after his death, and they cannot help wanting to know how he came to die. What of Margaret Hamilton, his widow legally represented by Norman O'Neale, the famous K.C. (the author it seems, has not heard of Norman O'Neill, who has other claims to fame)? She became hysterical and caused the inquest to be adjourned. And she had a lover—that is to say, she had been seeing suspiciously much of a certain Richard Hemming. The coroner (Mr. Herbert Lomas) was a just beast. The great K.C. in the person of Mr. Campbell Gullan, fought brilliantly, and Miss Hilda Trevelyan and Miss Mary Glynne, each an ex-Wendy, shone with a truly dramatic sincerity in a piece which, above all, is not whimsical. Mr. Gullan has produced the play immaculately, and the little Windmill Theatre is blessed with comfortable seats. There are not many of them, but they are likely to be filled. A most auspicous start.

"Judas."

There is one thing in favour of plays adapted from a Biblical story—critics are not asked not to divulge the plot. If there are other virtues in *Judas*, which has come to the Royalty via the Cambridge Festival Theatre, they are most cleverly hidden. Signor F. V. Ratti's drawing of the character of Judas Iscariot seems to involve much unnecessary hypothesis. The historical aspect does not, of course, vastly matter, and, in any event, not enough is known of Judas for anything purporting to be an exact portrait, based on antiquarian lore, to be executed. But, with all the licence that on this account is at one's disposal there is no more excuse for making him a bore than there is for Mr. F. O'Dempsey, who has adapted the piece, to vary awkwardly between pomposity and colloquialism in his dialogue. A fortnight ago we had a very dull play about Joan of Arc, redeemed only by the information that it was the result of much historical research. Its main result was to set people thinking about Bernard Shaw. *Judas* is just as dull, and it made me hope that one day Mr. Shaw will turn his attention to the New Testament.

These Cambridge lads, though some of them are on the precocious side, have acting ability and any amount of enthusiasm, and a Cambridge lass, Miss Vera Poliakoff (perhaps not wholly Cambridge) is an attractive young actress, and a brainy one too. She appeared as Mary Magdalene (the Cambridge spelling is essential) and had one moment of fine dignity. Sir Basil Bartlett is a good actor and drew a sturdy and reasonable portrait of Judas, but he was inclined to gabble. I fancy, too, I detected an Irish accent; it was Judas Iscariot, not O'Scariot.

The Opera.

Two opera seasons have come to us this summer. One has gone and the other is going, and music lovers will be the poorer by their absence. I would like to think that a large fortune has been made at both ends of Bow Street, but that would be imbecile optimism. Few arguments are more foolish than that "lots of continental cities can support two opera houses, so why can't London?" which we hear *ad nauseam*. Continental cities do *not* support their opera houses, they are supported *for* them, which is a very different thing. They have also an audience of foreign visitors on which to rely, for they are situated in countries which are not governed by puritanical bigots who design every possible means to make the inhabitants uncomfortable and to keep tourists away altogether. A large proportion of the audiences in the opera-houses of Paris, Rome, Milan, and throughout the larger cities of Germany, are English and Americans. What foreigners does one ever see at Covent Garden, except singers taking a night off in the stalls and Italian waiters in the gallery? Thus is opera made economically difficult in this land of the over-taxed and the unfree, largely because the authorities decree that alcohol can be consumed only at fixed and awkward periods.

However, to get back to music, Covent Garden has celebrated the end of the season by giving us a novelty, *Fedra*, by Romano Romani. Although this short and gory work has not, in my opinion, deserved all the hard things said about it, I do not think it will live or retain its place in the repertoire even for a year or two. The composer is a good musician with, like all Italian operatic composers, a sense of the stage. But he has little to say that is new, and what he does say is said too much in the idiom of other composers. *Fedra*, nevertheless, has some pleasantly luscious moments, and Mme. Rosa Ponselle showed herself a superb actress. I wish we could have seen Signor Cesare Formichi, a fine artist, in other rôles this year than Teseo, Mme. Ponselle's much-wronged husband in this opera. Miss Strella Wilson, who comes from *Australia*, made a brilliant début. Here, I am convinced is a budding British Brunnhilde, and a remarkably fine one.

The Lyceum wound up their season (most interesting save for the tediousness of *Roussalka* and *The Tsar's Bride*), by working Chaliapine overtime and giving us plenty of ballet. Sir Thomas Beecham has been conducting magnificently and the scenery has been admirable. But, save for Chaliapine and one or two other basses, the voices of these Russians have not been in the first class.

"Late Night Final."

No one has ever yet suggested that America is a modest nation. Yet the way she persistently shows, through the medium of the drama, her very worst side is rather surprising. She may do so because there is money in it or because she does not care a dime what Europe thinks about her anyway. Probably a bit of both. Such plays as *Broadway* and *The Shanghai Gesture*, displayed the crookdom and the viciousness of the sons and daughters of the Pilgrim Fathers. *Late Night Final*, the new play at the Phœnix, by Louis Weitzenkorn, reveals the terrible truth about the American newspaper world. And the terrible point about the play is that it *is* the truth. Anyone with but the slightest acquaintance with American journalism of the yellower type will recognize this study as a clear-cut photograph. I am not sure whether this monstrous Press is not more cruel to those whom it employs than it is to those who are the victims of its lust for sensationalism and a bigger circulation at all costs. Existence on the staff of a London daily paper in these days of fierce competition is apt to be a strain demanding tough nerves and the constitution of an ox. But it is a peaceful sojourn in the Islands of the Blest, a lullaby by the sirens of Ulysses, compared with the inside of a New York newspaper office—and that is what *Late Night Final* depicts with relentless realism.

The story is simple. Circulation dropping, the proprietor of the paper sets about seeking for a scheme, however unscrupulous, for improving it. He tells his editor to rake up a twenty-year-old scandal about a woman called Nancy Voorhees, who had killed a man and narrowly escaped the "hot seat." Nancy is happily married and her daughter is just going to be. But, with fiends of reporters doing their worst, Nancy commits suicide and so does her husband. The more grim and pathetic the events and the more there are of them the better the editorial staff is pleased. Only the editor has a conscience—and resigns. Perhaps this is the only part of this dreadful but arresting and vital play which strikes a false note.

Mr. Raymond Massey plays the editor with straight and enormous ability, and has used and arranged the variety of revolving stages, cameo scenes, etc., very cleverly, though this rather blithers one. Miss Louise Hampton as Nancy is, as always, magnificent. The play is one of the most intelligent things of the year and should be a success. But I have paid my last and final visit to *Late Night Final*.

SCENE: The deck of the Ark; TIME: the Deluge: A special "Sphere" picture of the brilliant production, by the Compagnie des Quinze at the Ambassadors, of M. André Obey's play Noé—*a superb spectacle which provides London with its most bizarre theatrical fare which is first-class throughout*

THE PLAY'S THE THING

— And So is the 1931 Season Opera

Special "Sphere" picture

BORIS GOUDONOV: A remarkable study of M. Feodor Chaliapine in what is constaered (with "Ivan the Terrible") to be his greatest rôle. His performance as Boris electrified London by its dramatic, as by its musical, power

Special "Sphere" picture

THE DYING TSAR: M. Chaliapine in the rôle of Boris Goudonov at the Lyceum. A great singer, a great actor, and a great personality, Chaliapine has "made" the Russo-Beecham season, which came to a triumphant close last Saturday. The company unhappily is disbanding

A PLAYER OF HIGH COMEDY: An unusual study of Miss Jeanne Stewart, who has created for herself an enviable reputation by her performance in After All *at the Criterion, in which she has played for 150 performances—one of the few plays to triumph over the slump that has hit the theatre as hard as other activities*

THE GREATEST SOPRANO OF TO-DAY: Mme. Rosa Fonselle, who has brought to Covent Garden in the current season the atmosphere of its pre-war magnificence and glorious singing. This picture was taken after her performance in La Traviata, *which was hailed as a triumph. It is the first picture for several years the* diva *has allowed to be taken in evening dress*

Collard Crowther

LE RECITANT: M. Bovério, of the Compagnie des Quinze at the Ambassador's, in the rôle of a male chorus in the delicate and brilliant production of M. André Obey's version of La Viol de Lucrèce

FEMININE PERSONALITY

A Septette of Varied Interest

Peter North

VISCOUNTESS WEYMOUTH: The wife of the heir to the Marquess of Bath. She is a daughter of Lord and the first Lady Vivian

AT THE THEATRICAL GARDEN PARTY: Mrs. Kenneth Barnes (Miss Mary Sheridan) and Master Michael Barnes in the grounds of the Royal Hospital

Peter North

THE LADY OF KNOLE: Lady Sackville, formerly Miss Anne Meredith Bigelow of New York. The famous seat, Knole, near Sevenoaks, was the scene of a garden fête on July 1, in aid of the Waifs and Strays Society. Under the name of Chevron, Knole figures in The Edwardians *by V. Sackville-West*

Mabel Kobey

THE GENIUS OF MIMICRY: Miss Elizabeth Pollock, who is in private life Mrs. Cyril McConnell, with her small son, Adrian James. She is the daughter of Sir Adrian and Lady Pollock

"THE HAPPIEST GIRL IN THE WORLD," was the way Miss Betty Taylor described herself after selling some of her water-colours, on view at the Brook Street Gallery, to the Queen, who visited the Gallery

Inset above—*FLOWERS OF GLASS: Mrs. Lance Pitman has created quite a vogue with her flowers of glass and clay, the verisimilitude of which is astonishing. Mrs. Pitman is seen above with one of her décors arranged with characteristic taste*

BOUGHT BY THE QUEEN: A picture entitled "The Garden of Si Sei," which was one of two by the Countess Gabriella Fabbricotti, purchased by Her Majesty on her visit to the Brook Street Galleries. This is the Countess's first exhibition in England

The WORLD of WOMEN

Antiques of Charm

The above illustration shows a very rare old Sheraton Empire oval gilt mirror with flat plate glass in ball frame. The mirror is decorated at the top with a carved wood eagle. From Harrods

Examples of the work of four great designers of the eighteenth century, namely, Chippendale, Adam, Hepplewhite, and Sheraton. From M. Harris, of New Oxford Street

A modern library reproduced on the lines of the eighteenth century. The mantel part which as shown in the picture is of early Georgian design and reproduced from an original which was formerly in Hanover Square. Gill and Reigate

A beautiful Sheraton sideboard in a perfect state of preservation, veneered with mahogany and inlaid with boxwood and tulip-wood. The brass rail at the back and the drop ring handles are original. This antique can be seen at Messrs. Howard and Sons of Berners Street

We are living in an age of constant change, in an age wherein the main characteristic is impermanence, and there is something rather restful in living with furniture of a by-gone era. Whether it be the old rather heavy furniture of the Jacobean period, or the easy, graceful lines of Hepplewhite or Sheraton.

One illustration on this page gives a delightful example of the craft of Sheraton. It is a beautiful sideboard in a perfect state of preservation, veneered with mahogany and inlaid with boxwood and tulip-wood. Examples of the work of four of our greatest designers of the eighteenth century are shown in another illustration, namely, Adam, Hepplewhite, Sheraton, and Chippendale. The Chippendale mirrors, chairs and side-table, shown in the same illustration, are very fine specimens. The grace and beauty of the Hepplewhite style are particularly noticeable in the chairs by that designer which are also included in the group. The shield-shaped back is a favourite design which has stood the test of time.

The circular table is the work of Sheraton.

THE WORLD OF WOMEN

Women of To-day

By Derek Patmore

The scene of this conversation is one of the loveliest rooms in London. For Mrs. Maugham and myself are sitting in the studio drawing-room of her famous house in the King's Road, Chelsea. All around me tower dead white walls, and all the elegant old furniture carried on this scheme of white is upholstered in white and cream materials. In one corner of the room stands a tall screen of mirror glass and silver metal—and that is all. Mrs. Syrie Maugham, who is one of most famous interior decorators in the world, believes in eliminating as much detail in a room as possible. Nothing could be more elegantly restful than this all-white room with its high windows looking into a small paved garden.

Women who have made a great success in business are always fascinating, and Syrie Maugham is no exception to the rule. She is dark and rather fragile looking with hair that is streaked with grey, but she has a quiet force and determination that contradicts her apparent femininity. For after all, she is one of the most brilliant business women in this country. The wife of W. Somerset Maugham, the novelist, she has built up an antique furniture and decorating business that is known the world over, and has shops in Chicago and New York as well as one in London.

"Nine years ago, I started my business without any capital at all," she told me. "Not having any capital I had to keep all the accounts myself, and I even delivered all the furniture in an old second-hand Ford!"

"I believe this is the only way in which you can built up a business," she went on to tell me. "By doing everything myself I kept down overhead expenses. I even upholstered and painted all the furniture myself in an old room at the top of my house. I did this for two years, during which I got a good deal of work from my friends and other customers; then I took a studio and worked there. Later as my business grew, I took a tiny shop in Baker Street, and remained there for four years."

Mrs. Maugham is convinced that too many decorating and antique businesses in this country suffer from over-capitalization, and do not succeed in consequence. But like all brilliant business women she has had courage and undertaken risks at times. And she went on to tell me about one of the most crucial moments in her whole business career.

"After four years my business had grown so extensively that I needed larger premises. Amongst other places, I saw a large derelict house at the corner of Grosvenor Square. It was an unusual shape and for sale. So I took my courage in both hands and bought it. I cut off the back of the house and made it into my present shop and sold the house to its present owners."

One cannot help being fascinated when one listens to Mrs. Maugham talking about decoration and her business. It is as enthralling as any novel. She talks extremely well, and with a quiet emphasis and knowledge that is very convincing and impressive. And when she talks about a new room she is planning, or houses she would like to decorate, a touch of exciting enthusiasm creeps into her voice and into her dark eyes. She has very decided views on decoration. Like all artists, she is highly individual.

"Most people overcrowd their rooms—" she announced quietly. "When I start re-decorating a room the first thing I do is to see what I can take out of it. Elimination is one of the secrets of successful interior decoration." As I have remarked before, she has a passion for all-white rooms. Her own living room is subtly made up of different tones of white and even the flowers are always white. But she is interested in colour too. I have noticed that she is particularly fond of green, and one of the rooms in her lovely old-panelled house in Chelsea has a room entirely hung with green brocades. She likes experimenting with new materials and fabrics. For instance, the carpet in her white drawing-room is made up of squares of softest of fawn skins—specially treated.

However, business does not entirely monopolise Syrie Maugham's life. She is devoted to her sixteen year old daughter, Lisa, and says one of the reasons she works so hard is that she wants to save enough money so that she can spend more time with her.

Her parties are famous in London, and an invitation to her house is eagerly accepted as she is the most delightful and perfect of hostesses. She is a generous and devoted friend, and takes an enthusiastic interest in many affairs and artistic happenings outside her own business life.

Energetic, brilliant, cultured, Mrs. Maugham is an outstanding example of how a talented and clever woman can succeed in business by sheer hard work, courage, and a genius for decorating and furnishing — an all too-rare gift.

V—The Business Woman

Mrs. Syrie Maugham

This living-room is an attractive example of Mrs. Maugham's skill in decorating a room. The walls are hung with brocade, and an effective contrast is achieved by blending the cream modern carpet on the floor with the elegant period furniture with which the room is furnished

Another view of the same room showing the simple yet effective arrangement of the furniture. Mrs. Maugham has furnished and decorated one of the rooms in her Chelsea house in this style. *Inset*—A study by Cecil Beaton of Mrs. Maugham

Soviet LADIES in LONDON

By The Baroness LEHMANN

In Russia all shops have been nationalized. Only plain articles of attire are sold; and to buy these, women have to stand in queues for hours. Shops are frequently empty for long periods. Fashion papers are prohibited. Foreign dresses cannot be imported

When she first came to London with her husband a prominent Communist official, I went to see her in her hotel. I had never met her before, but I was asked to visit her by her aunt, a dowdy, plain-living, old intellectual of the pre-revolutionary epoch, who had lived exiled in Berlin all her life. She had not seen her niece since childhood, and had no idea of what she was like. She was anxious to send a present for her through me. Everyone knows that good stockings are a luxury for the chosen few in Russia. So the practical old lady decided that her gift should be three pairs of strong stockings.

On entering the hotel room I was confronted by a brightly distempered young woman, super-fashionably attired, every detail of her toilette being typical of the latest in the shops.

"We are all mad coming from Russia," she exclaimed. "We are ready to buy and buy, to clear out all the shops of London and Paris. Already I have bought thirty pairs of stockings—and I have been only three days in London. I have no right to take more than six pairs back to Moscow with me, but what can I do? I can't resist the shops! I am mad! . . . " She paid no heed to her aunt's dull stockings. She bought herself much brighter things.

She went on: "I saw shops full of stockings. I thought that there would be a rush for them and that none would be left for me. The shopkeeper looked puzzled. But I did not trust him to send them. I took all the thirty pairs home myself. I thought it was safer to do so . . . We are mad, simply mad . . . "

This last phrase she kept on repeating all the time during our conversation.

"We want everything—the best and the latest and the most fashionable," she said. "Do you know I saw an advertisement of a dress sale the other day. I noticed one dress in the window. It was just what I wanted. And I got up at six in the morning and waited outside the shop so as to be first in the queue."

Both husband and wife sat together on their bed, as is so often done in Russia where people live mostly in one room. They sat surrounded with yards and yards, mountains and mountains of various materials for their clothing in the future. They looked exhilarated, agitated, bewildered. It is on such occasions as these that one realizes how powerful is woman's desire for adornment.

On another occasion a second Soviet lady came to me. She, too, was struck with London shops. At first she was very shy, looked modest and spoke modestly. She wished to appear refined. She pronounced her words with an affected *bourgeois* accent. No bolshie worker's slang for her. Often she reminded her husband that she was his superior. He was now a big man in the U.S.S.R., but, in the past, he had been a little tailor's assistant in London. She lost no opportunity of letting him know that if she condescended to marry him, she just tolerated his family and his Communist friends. She longs to be in real *bourgeois*, respectable society; boasts of being a daughter of an admiral of the old régime; and has brought with her from Moscow some crested things which she passes off as her family heirlooms.

Of the two, her husband is the more refined, and has more possibilities in him. Yet he is squashed by her ladyship's ceaseless nagging, and is altogether carried off his feet by the pretences, mannerisms, and painstaking graces of this super-snobbish wife from the workers' and peasants' republic.

My Soviet lady's husband really deserves a lift up in life for his intelligence and capacity. Lenin hated women of her kind and said that they were unfitted to be wives of serious Communists and should be divorced. But life's inexplicable force breaks through all theory. Snobbery of the old kind is still strong with many, many ladies of the Soviet.

My acquaintance changed very much in London. She moved away from the east-end, where on coming from Russia she first stayed with her husband's relatives; and insisted upon taking a flat in a respectable new suburb. She hates the workers and doesn't want their society. She also hates "decaying bourgeois England." The other day, looking at the riders in Hyde Park, she burst out indignantly to me that such a thing would never be tolerated in Russia. She has never seen anything of the world until now; yet, automatically, she has learned that she must hate "the decaying west"; nevertheless she feels that she is superior to the workers—a strange mixture of a transitory epoch! Having been considered a bit of a vamp in the small provincial town from which she comes, she is terribly offended because she is not noticed in London. Suddenly plunged into a new civilization and into new clothes that are unfamiliar to her, she naturally does everything wrong, that is she over-does everything, over-dresses, grows super-long finger nails, uses super-languorous intonations.

A. & A. CRAWFORD · LEITH · SCOTLAND

THE SPHERE OF TRAVEL

The Charm of DÜSSELDORF

Certain European cities possess a natural gaiety, in others it is artificial. Paris has a natural gaiety but it is endangered to-day by being exploited to its limit to attract the foreign visitor. The gaiety of Berlin is largely artificial and the dark shadow of economic depression is always lurking outside the door. Vienna lost all its gaiety in the grim days after the War; to-day it is just beginning to smile again. These are not gay days anywhere, but it is probable that in Düsseldorf there is to be found more natural gaiety than in any other city in Europe to-day.

Düsseldorf is the parent city for the great industrial area of the Ruhr. Essen with its giant steel works; Gelsenkirchen with its mines and coke-oven batteries; Bochum, Wenden, and Solingen with their multifarious industries. It is a city of great commercial importance, a centre for German industrialists and their stuffs, the Mecca of buying and selling agents from the world over. It is a city not of idlers but of workers. Its people and its visitors have little time for pleasure, so they make the very best of that little time. They are not wondering how to fill in the hours between one amusement or another. They are seeking respite from the clang and roar of the steel plants, the darkness and grime of the mine, the smoke of the coke-ovens, the tapping of countless typewriters in great offices. Many hours of work and few hours of pleasure, to be looked forward to for days and weeks. "Work hard and play hard"—that is the motto of Düsseldorf. In this fact very probably lies the secret of its gaiety.

HISTORY: The Lambertiturm

The streets and squares of Düsseldorf are well-planned and spacious, with unexpected trees and little bits of ornamental gardens here and there. It is a mixture of the old and ultra-modern. The life of the city centres round the Königsallee, which the people of Düsseldorf, who have their civic pride highly developed, claim, and rightly, is one of the most beautiful streets in Europe. A fine broad avenue with wide tree-lined pavements, it is flanked on one side by modern shops and cafés, and on the other by green lawns, masses of flower-beds, flowering trees and shrubs and ornamental ponds and streams. It is the Sunday promenade for all Düsseldorf. Here young and old, rich and poor mingle, family groups with their sleek dachshunds, young men and women bearing the stamp of the physical culture that is such a feature of German life to-day, little boys turning innumerable cart-wheels for pfennigs, all and everyone very neat and tidy, providing for the foreign visitor a striking picture of the new Germany that has arisen since the War. Walking among these people you are aware of their intense vitality and joy in life, and however bitter an opponent of conscription you may be you are forced to the conclusion that here it has created a generation that is imbued with the patriotism of work and the necessity for physical fitness.

Time need not hang heavily on the hands of a foreign visitor in Düsseldorf. One can fill a morning seeing the many fine buildings, new and old in the city, such as the Church of St. Andrew, the William Marx House, the Malkasten, the famous Artists' Club, and the Municipal Theatre, finishing up in the Hofgarten, a kind of miniature Green Park at the end of the Königsallee, which is so surpassingly neat that the pocket seems the only proper place for cigarette ash. One of the big cafés, such as the Mainz with its giant jazz-band is well worth a visit before lunch, for these cafés are marvels in German efficiency and cheapness. Sitting in these cafés one's troubles seem to slip away and the heart grow younger. It may be climatic, the clean air of the Rhineland, it may be the music or the intense vitality of the people around you, but there is some intangible tonic in the atmosphere of Düsseldorf.

J. Baker White

AUSTRIA'S ALPS

The Lure of the Snowy Peaks and Glistening Glaciers

MAJESTY OF MOUNTAIN: The glaciers of the Stubai Alps in Austrian Tyrol, the *mise-en-scène* of "Autumn Crocus"

SERENITY OF LAKE: An enchanting scene in the Stubai Alps. The glory of the surroundings is enhanced by the charm of the villages

THE BREATH OF SPRING: Thaw in the glaciered Schaufelspitze, one of the most exquisite sections of Tyrol

R.M.S.P. "ATLANTIS" which has just been p on the Northern route

Royal Mail Steam Packe CRUISES

Of all the marvels of progress which the world h seen in less than twenty years, the amazi advance of luxury in sea-travel which has ma pleasure cruising to-day's most outstanding fo of entertainment may be singled out. The exa ing modern standards of cruising comfort are s maintained by the Royal Mail Line, who ha put into the exclusive service of pleasure cru their latest steamer, R.M.S.P. *Atlantis*. H tonnage, 16,000, ensures spaciousness, which the first item in cruiser enjoyment, and through the ship's equipment this ease of ample space a guarantee of healthy activity or uncrowd repose. Passengers will find they can take natural pride in the interest shown by forei ports in this white-hulled ship of pleasure. T outward charm is only a foretaste of inner exc lences. There are *de luxe* suites, and an e ceptional number of one- and two-bedded cab with private bathrooms, and throughout the s of furnishing is dignified, pleasant, and careful every small item of comfort; here are all t amenities of your home and of the finest hot including running hot and cold water in eve cabin, and efficient ventilation.

The promenade and games decks are unusua wide, and there is a novel and up-to-date lu in the separate sun-bathing deck surrounding open-air swimming bath. The public roo make for convenient entertainment; in the dini saloon more than 400 passengers can be ca for at one sitting in perfect comfort, in fa parties or small groups at separate tables. drawing-room is the home of concert music, all kinds of amusement, and in addition to s room, card-room, cinema, and two ver cafés there are two more innovations in the sh of a gentlemen's card-room and an American To put the athlete's mind at rest about kee fit let us not forget the large covered gymnasiu while for that fresh *chic* in frocks the laundry completely responsible.

Of course there is dancing on deck, the alwa popular fancy-dress ball may be looked for; a perhaps this is where we mention the two ha dressing saloons, ready equally for daily ne and gay emergencies. This is the ideal ship choose for a cruise in the romantic places of t world. Norway's fjords and the fascinat Northern Capitals are among the itineraries, a at the seasons when the warm days are ge southwards, there is the world's largest pleas cruising ship serenely seeking the charm of t Mediterranean and West Indies. The *Atlan* starts on a week's cruise to Norway on July (11 guineas and upwards), or a nineteen d cruise on July 27 (30 guineas and upwards), both occasions to Norway and the Baltic; and August 14 for a twenty-two day cruise to t Northern Capitals (36 guineas).

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A tourist bureau on board supplies informat and makes shore arrangements. Comfortab launches will maintain a ferry service and supp free transit between ship and shore. The com pany will not be liable for any accident, or t result of any accident, to passengers' effects connection with such or other services.

THE SPHERE TRAVEL BUREAU

Readers are reminded that "The Sphere" Travel Bureau is always at their disposal to help them to choose a suitable holiday for any time of the year. This bureau will readily provide details of fares, routes, hotels, and resorts in all parts of the World by return of post. Each request has personal care and attention, and the advice given is entirely unbiased. All requests are answered free; 3d. in stamps is required to cover postage of booklets, etc. Address your inquiry to: "THE SPHERE" Travel Bureau, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2

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It looks good. It is. It is neat and trim, inside and out. It carries, as standard equipment, everything you need, although it wears no jewellery. Its design, material and workmanship are 100-per-cent. efficient. If you buy a car to *use*, buy a New FORD.

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LINCOLN Ford FORDSON

AIRCRAFT

The PETROL World

By A. Percy Bradley

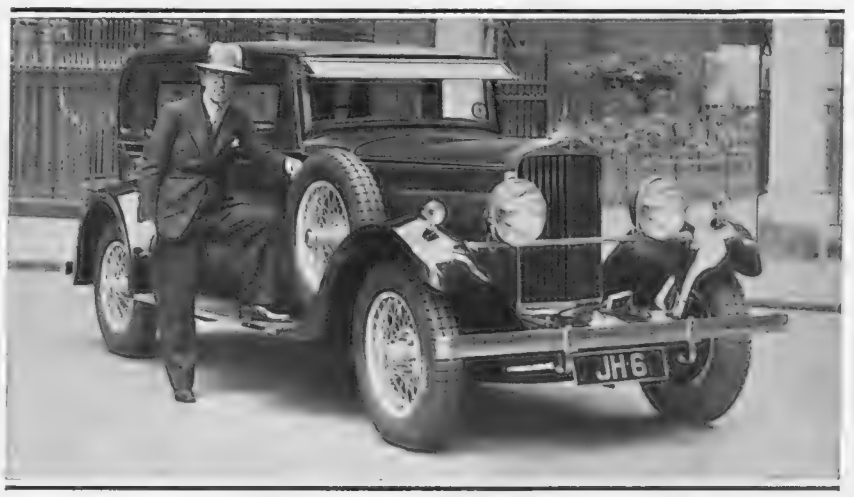
(Clerk of the Course, Brooklands; Special Motoring Correspondent to "The Sphere")

THE VALUE OF RACING.—Sir William Morris and Sir Malcolm Campbell appear to be having quite a lively argument regarding the value of racing to the motor manufacturer. The trouble apparently arose when Sir Malcolm let it be known in the Press that he considered Britain had racing drivers as good as any on the Continent, but that there were not good enough British cars for them to drive. Sir William replied to the effect that racing was not worth the financial outlay to the commercial manufacturer. Personally, I think Sir Malcolm Campbell is definitely right and that Sir William Morris is wrong. Sir William clings to the belief that the successful motor manufacturer has no time for racing and even if he had he would gain no material advantage therefrom. That, of course, is quite wrong.

Successful as we all know Morris cars to be, I cannot believe that they or any other car could not be bettered in design or more successful from the salesman's point of view. After all, a visit to the Continent for even a week will prove a bitter disappointment to the average enthusiast of British cars when he finds that our best-known makes over here are seldom ever seen on the other side of the Channel bearing registration numbers of the country in which they are driven. Competing in racing may or may not have a great effect on sales in Great Britain, but the foreigner is definitely influenced by the performance of cars in competitions on the road and on the track. After all, participation in such events can be looked upon as a kind of advertising, and surely it is much better to demonstrate the performance of your product, as was recently done by the Riley Motor Company in the 10,000 kilometre trial, than to make some highly interesting statement of what a car can do in print which does not at all convince the public abroad.

BREEDING THOROUGHBREDS.—I am sure Sir William Morris will agree with me that there is all the difference in the world in driving a car which comes from a factory with racing experience behind it than there is in forcing a car along the road, which is the product of a works that has never had a racing department attached to it. The difference is difficult to define, but in many respects similar to that between a thoroughbred and an ordinary horse. Both animals do their job with the utmost reliability, but they do it in a different way.

Sir Malcolm Campbell, by having his Blue Bird built and by successfully pushing up the figures of the World's land speed record to their present giddy height, has done invaluable work towards increasing the prestige of the British-built motor-car. It seems to me a sad state of affairs that a private individual should be left to carry out such an important trade mission, and I am afraid that if Sir William represents the views of his fellow manufacturers the maintenance of that present high prestige will continually fall on the shoulders of private individuals. Not only should British motor manufacturers build racing cars individually or collectively through the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders but they should allocate through the latter body a large sum annually to go to some useful purpose in the world of speed, such as the building of a new car to further increase the figures of the World's land speed record.



WORTH MAKING A SONG ABOUT! A "Seventy-Five" Talbot saloon recently supplied by Messrs. Warwick Wright, Ltd., to Mr. Noel Gay, who is seen above. Mr. Gay is the well-known song and "popular hit" writer, and has such successes to his credit as "All the King's Horses"

FOILING THE CAR THIEF.—Although we do not hear quite so much lately about the theft of cars, I am given to understand that the number removed by unauthorized hands each year varies very little. I was, therefore, interested when I was shown the other day a new ingenious thief-proof car-lock. This new device is called the Smiloc and is incorporated in the ignition system. The high tension leads from the distributor on the magneto are taken by extended wires to a special bridge piece placed either on the facia board itself or at some point convenient to the driver. The leads come in from the back and the same number of leads return from the device to the sparking plugs. A disc about 2½ inches in diameter fits into the device by means of a kind of bayonet catch. When in position the lead in and the return wires are connected together in the proper manner, but when the disc is removed all wires are, as it were, broken. Although a thief could join up the plugs direct with the magneto and thus short-circuit the safety device, it would take him a little time during which he would probably attract far more attention to himself than he desired. What I like about the car-lock, which incidentally is made by the Smith Safety Car-Lock Co., Ltd., Weymouth, is the convenient size of the disc which the driver removes when he leaves his machine. It is not too small to get lost or too large to be inconvenient.

(*Continued on p. 39*)

Judge: "What is Shell?"

Counsel:

"M'lud, it is the petrol most highly prized by motorists, chiefly because no other petrol can hold a candle to it — not that one *would* hold a candle to it of course, but do I make myself clear to your Lordship?"

Judge: "NO"

Counsel:

"As your Lordship pleases"

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The PETROL World—(Cont.)

THE FORD de luxe FORDOR SALOON—A Car Biography

By PERCY A. BRADLEY

(Clerk of the Course, Brooklands; Special Motoring Correspondent to "The Sphere")

THOSE WHO CAME TO SCOFF REMAINED TO BUY.—The name of Ford has a significance all its own in the motoring world. Wherever civilization is, there also is the Ford car; in fact I do not believe there is a better known article of commerce in the world than this car. Sometimes we who have anything to do with motoring are apt to imagine that the Ford car has just a large sale in America and sells in thousands in Great Britain and the Dominions, but we are prone to forget that the numbers in use in foreign countries are almost staggering. When in Berlin at the end of last year there was a Ford car in a magnificent showroom in the Unter den Linden wreathed in flowers and close to it a placard bearing these words, "The Millionth Ford Vehicle Sold in Germany." I doubt very much whether the whole British motor industry sells 1,000 cars in Germany during any twelve months, and so one is almost bewildered at the wonderful sales organization which must stand behind the Ford Motor Company.

All the fame which is associated with the name Ford has been gained by the so-called "T" model. Although this car may have shivered and shaken and been the subject of many amusing and sometimes doubtful jokes, it always gained for itself the admiration of every engineer who studied its design. I do not suppose that there has ever been or ever will be produced a car of cleverer design. This model "T" has, of course, been dropped, and we now have the models A and AF. Motorists who use the road are probably unaware of the ever-increasing popularity of this new Ford car, the reason being that it is now a very sturdy-looking vehicle, and judging by the car I tested quite a nice looking motor-car. The radiator is now very similar to that of the Lincoln car, and so nine times out of ten the Ford passes by without being recognized.

Some of the old features which made the model "T" famous have been retained. The suspension is practically identical, and the general feel of the car leaves an impression that it has been evolved upon the older model. In other words we have a comparatively large engine in a relatively small and light chassis, with the result that speeds of 35 and even 40 m.p.h. can be maintained up-hill as well as on the level or down-hill without any necessity of changing gear.

THE POWER UNIT.—The engine is a four-cylinder job rated at just over 24 h.p. It is a real puller, and I feel certain that the car would climb a 1 in 6 gradient without any fuss on top gear. Unlike the original model "T" the new Ford is a really fast-moving vehicle, and speeds in excess of 60 m.p.h. are possible, but from my experience after driving it about 150 miles I would not advise anyone who is looking for a fast sporting motor-car to go in for one of these cars. They are essentially intended and are admirably suited for the motorist who is content to travel about at speeds not in excess of 40 m.p.h. and who does not wish to be bothered with gear-changing. Up to this maximum I found that the car does everything it should and is pleasant to drive. The brakes are good, in fact I was never called upon to use even 50 per cent. of their available power. I was glad to note that the hand-brake controlled an entirely separate set and that these worked effectively.

SPRINGING.—The suspension warrants a special word of praise. Near my bungalow, down at the sea, there is half-a-mile of a road composed almost entirely of gravel. Its surface is one long series of pot-holes and with every car I have driven over it 10 m.p.h. proved to be a comfortable maximum, but with the new Ford I found I could sail along at 30 m.p.h. without any discomfort. The gears are controlled by a lever placed centrally in the chassis, and the changes are ridiculously easy to make. On low gear I am sure that the car will restart with a full load on any gradient where there is the slightest grip for the back wheels. Now the popular idea of a Ford car is that it is noisy and uncomfortable. Whether that was true or not of the old Ford I will not say, but it is definitely wrong where the new Ford is concerned.

The De Luxe model which I tried was delightfully comfortable, nicely and tastefully upholstered in blue cloth, and with every comfort that the most fastidious could desire. The equipment is as complete as on the most expensive of vehicles, although the Fordor Saloon costs only £225.

I would mention that the new Ford can also be purchased with a 14 h.p. engine, the price being £5 extra. If I were buying one of these cars I would certainly prefer one with the larger power unit, because the extra tax, when spread over twelve months is scarcely worth talking about. The new Ford is undoubtedly a cheap proposition.

BRIEF SPECIFICATION of the NEW FORD "DE LUXE" FORDOR SALOON

Engine—4 Cylinders.
Bore and Stroke—3·875 ins. and 4·25 ins.
Treasury Rating—24·025 h.p.
Carburetter—Ford.
Ignition—Coil and Battery.
Clutch—Single Dry Plate.
Gear-box—Three Forward Speeds and Reverse.
Final Transmission—Spiral Bevels.
Brakes—Foot on all Four Wheels, Hand Independent on Rear Wheels.
Suspension — Transverse Semi-Elliptic
Electrical Equipment — Ford 6-volt System.
Price—£225.

(The 14·9 h.p. Engine costs £5 extra and has a Treasury Rating of 14·9).

Manufacturers:
FORD MOTOR COMPANY, LTD., TRAFFORD PARK, MANCHESTER.

THE MOST FAMOUS CAR IN THE WORLD: The new Ford de Luxe Fordor Saloon which costs only £225. The low price of maintenance, service, and spare parts, which have made the Ford Motor Co. renowned throughout the world, is not denied to the motoring public even in this luxury model

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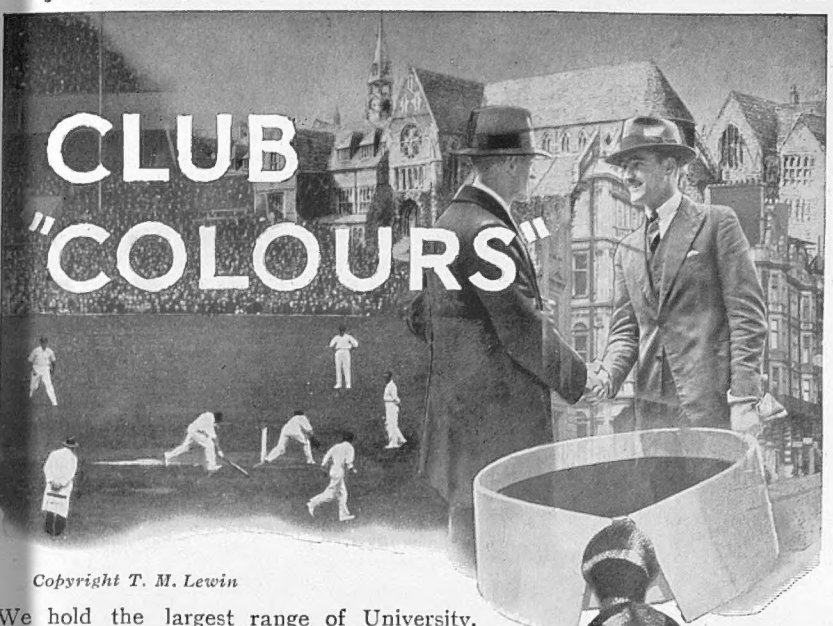

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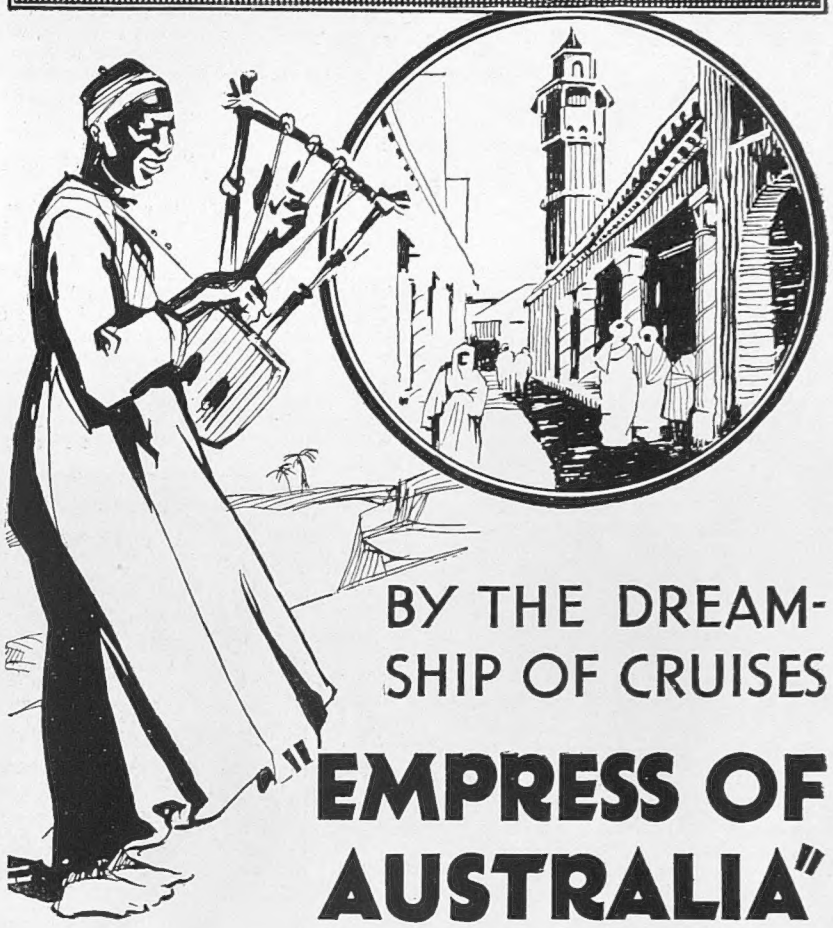

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AN AMERICAN SULTAN : By Aleko E. LILIUS

(*Continued from p. 21*)

myself that my question sounded too blunt; no ruler likes to betray his military secrets. He did not reply directly, but made a sweeping gesture with his arm, indicating that all the Moslems around Sulu would yield to his call to arms.

"And what about the people of North Borneo who once belonged to Your Highness?"

"Belonged? They still belong."

I pretended not to understand his meaning. Then he explained:

"What is to-day commonly called British North Borneo is a territory which actually belongs to me. It is only *leased* to the British North Borneo Company. I am the ruler of the people and should also be the ruler of the country."

"For what period is the North Borneo territory leased?" I asked. "And what will happen after the expiration of the lease?"

But here the Sultan corrected me.

"Unfortunately," he continued, "my father leased this wonderfully rich territory for a time as long as the sun and moon shall shine. And the situation would have remained unchanged if the Company had lived up to the clauses of their lease. But they have not."

"In what respect, Your Highness?"

"My father, and later I, have received a monthly sum of 500 Straits dollars as compensation for the concession which my father granted to the British North Borneo Company. According to a clause of the lease this sum should be increased parallel with the increase of the profits of the British North Borneo Company. But the lessee continues to pay me the paltry sum of 500 Borneo dollars."

"May I ask why Your Highness does not draw the attention of the Company to this fact and demand the increase which is due?"

The Sultan made an expressive gesture.

"I have repeatedly done so, but the Company denies the existence of any such clause which would allow me this increase. Only two copies of the contract were made, and *my copy is lost*. To be correct, *it was stolen!*"

After a pause, the Sultan continued: "You may also write that the British North Borneo Company has consistently refused to supply me with another copy of the agreement."

I felt that the Sultan was treading on dangerous ground, and I decided to interrupt him.

"One moment, Your Highness; it seems to me to be a rather harsh accusation you are making against the British North Borneo Company."

"You will change your mind when you hear the details. I went to Singapore in 1894, four years before the Spanish-American War, to claim the increase that was due me and to suggest some minor revisions. I was entertained by the Colonial Secretary, and early one morning at sunrise, while my retinue and I were devoting our time to prayer, somebody entered the room where I kept my papers and a few valuables that I had taken along, and *stole* my copy of the contract."

"What did the Singapore police do to secure the return of the document?"

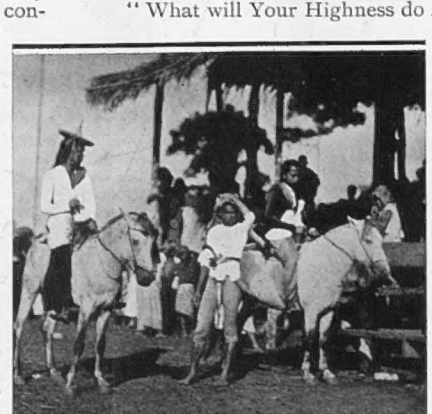
"Absolutely nothing."

It transpired during the interview that the Sultan had not suspected any of his retinue of having treacherously assisted the thief in getting away with the valuable document. But he insisted upon the guilt of a visitor who had been introduced to the Sultan by important officials in Singapore and who had, on the strength of these introductions, forced his presence upon the Sultan during his stay at Kampong Gallam at the most unearthly hours. On the morning of the theft he had visited the Sultan at dawn. And after the theft he had never been seen again in Singapore."

"What will Your Highness do next in this matter?"

"It is my intention once more to request a copy of the treaty and to verify my claim for an increase of the concession money. If I am refused again, *I shall demand the return of North Borneo*. Then I shall be free to discuss a new agreement with whom I like."

This statement, startling in its bluntness and outspokenness, ended the interview, save for the task of taking photographs.



THE LADIES OF THE SULTAN'S COURT arrive at a sports meeting at which buffalo contests and equine events were held

"The Sphere" has received from the British North Borneo Co. the following comment upon the statements made by the Sultan of Sulu to Mr. Lilius:—

In 1877, there were two Sultans concerned in the cessions to the British North Borneo Co., the Sultan of Brunei and the Sultan of Sulu. The former gave four concessions and the latter one concession; the former of the majority of the lands conceded and the latter of the balance thereof. A commission was signed by each Sultan.

The concession was made to the representatives of a London Syndicate—the late Sir Alfred (then Mr.) Dent and Baron Overbeck.

The wording of the first document reads:

a *To Alfred Dent and Baron Overbeck, on behalf of the syndicate . . . granted for ever and in perpetuity all the rights and powers belonging to us . . . over all the territories and lands being tributary to us on the mainland of the Island of Borneo. [Hereafter the lands are specified.] The consideration was assessed at Five Thousand (not five hundred per month—Ed.) Dollars (Straits) Dollars* per annum.

The said territories are hereby vested in the said Baron Overbeck and Alfred Dent, Esq., co-jointly for as long as they choose and desire to hold them.

There is no reference in the document to any revision of the terms.

b *The wording of the second document reads: . . . that Baron Overbeck representing the London Syndicate is appointed supreme and independent ruler of the territories with absolute power of life and death over the inhabitants of the country, all the absolute rights of property over the soil, rights of making laws, coining money etc. . . . with all other powers and rights usually exercised by and belonging to sovereign rulers and which we hereby delegate to him of our own free and sovereign will.*

Both documents were signed on January 22, 1878.

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